

SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE wheel of the quarter-century has come full circle. We are back, with a few important changes, where we were twenty-five years and one month ago. The "peace" of 1919 has brought on the war of 1939. The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will not expect of us any attempt to comment upon the day-to-day passing phases of the military or diplomatic conflicts. This is a national weekly, and in spite of its date-line it is compelled to go to press about the middle of the week in order that our friends at both ends of the Dominion may read it during the week-end. Few things are staler, in the early and rapidly-moving stages of a great war, than comments upon Monday's battles when read on Saturday.

Comment upon the more durable elements of the situation, such as the public pronouncements and seeming policies of governments (though perhaps the word durable should not be applied to the policies of Herr Hitler in relation to Russia), is however still useful and valuable, and neither the daily press nor the hourly radio commentators seem to have time to afford it in the rush of bulletins and contra-bulletins. Thus, as we go to press, we have noted no comment anywhere upon what seems to us to be the outstanding fact in connection with Canada's relationship to the war, namely the extreme desirability of Canada's behaving in such a way that she can be treated as a non-belligerent under the United States Neutrality Act, at least until that Act can be repealed in a special session of Congress. That Act, although quite generally regarded by Americans themselves as a monument of folly, is on the statute books, and the President himself cannot disregard it. In the circumstances a technical neutrality on the part of Canada may easily be for some weeks or months the most valuable service she can render to the Allied cause. This of course does not prevent us from making every preparation for being as useful as possible in the field when the time comes to assume the status of a belligerent. Accusations that the Canadian Government is cool towards the Allied cause, on account of the carefully-contrived air of non-belligerency about all its proceedings, are decidedly premature in view of this consideration, and demands for active belligerency may be equally unwise and unpatriotic.

The American Attitude

NOR has Canadian off-hand comment upon the attitudes and expressions of the American press and government since the invasion of Poland been much more intelligent and illuminating. The outstanding characteristic of these attitudes and expressions has been their vigorous accent upon the supreme importance of America "keeping out of war." On that subject Father Coughlin and President Roosevelt seemed last Sunday to be almost preaching from the same text, though with a perceptible difference of intonation. This is old stuff for Father Coughlin, but it is rather new stuff for President Roosevelt, and there has been a disposition in Canada to express surprise and regret at his change of tone. Such critics forget that so long as there was a possibility of deterring Herr Hitler from his adventure by stressing America's total lack of sympathy with it, there was reason for Mr. Roosevelt to make plain his own and his country's sympathy with Poland, France and Great Britain; now that the die has been cast, his prime task is to consolidate his own people as far as he possibly can. The President is no longer talking to Herr Hitler; that wire has been cut off. His task is to convince his own people that in effecting their rapid rearmament and giving all possible aid to the Allies he is doing the thing best calculated to save them from having to fight. It is true, but some of them will be reluctant to believe it.

So far as the Americans are concerned, their chief feeling at the moment is probably this, that if the Germans can be adequately dealt with by Great Britain, France and Poland, it will be a very good thing for America, that they earnestly hope that she can be thus adequately dealt with, but that if she cannot be, they will have to take a hand themselves. This attitude is obviously more cautious than glorious, and we think we detect signs of an uneasy realization by many Americans that such is the case; but it is a

very natural attitude in the circumstances, and Canadians should not be in a hurry to criticise it. The emotional impact upon the masses of the American people of the characteristic German methods of warfare—of which the *Athenia* case gave a brilliant example within twenty-four hours of the beginning of the war—will very speedily alter that attitude when the right time comes.

Russians in Key Position

WITH all regard for the imperative necessity of keying up public opinion to the point of facing all the inevitable sacrifices of a long and costly struggle—which this may quite possibly turn out to be,—we still cannot quite see the reason for assuming the total impossibility of its turning out to be a relatively short one. The only factor that we can see working powerfully for its prolongation is the possible—and indeed very natural—desire of Russia to bring about the complete exhaustion of non-Communist Europe. Russia, we are convinced, entered into the alliance with Germany rather than with Britain chiefly because she held that the former course would go far towards ensuring war while the latter would practically have ensured peace. She may be able, and may choose, to provide the economic wherewithal to enable the Germans to maintain their resistance for a much longer time than they could do alone; but she can get nothing out of Germany for so doing, and she can have little hope of winning an ultimate victory. Her motive, then, can be nothing more than pure determination to exhaust the whole of Europe in the hope of erecting a communistic system upon the ruins. And so long as Germany continues to lend herself to this policy, very little can be done to defeat it.

On the other hand, if Russia is not willing, in order to bring about general European chaos, to make very heavy economic sacrifices for Germany which there is not the slightest possibility of Germany ever being able to repay, then we cannot see much reason for expecting the war to be very prolonged. Poland may be more or less completely overrun, but that does Germany no good except to release a portion, and only a portion, of the armies which she is at present using there, and which will by that time be

pretty well reduced. In the meanwhile the economic and political strain in the interior of Germany is bound to be terrific. It has to be remembered that in every single respect except the Russian alliance the situation of Germany at the opening of this war is immeasurably worse than at the opening of that of 1914. She has no gold, she has no external credit, she has no surplus producing power of any kind, and she is far more dependent upon outside sources for war material than she was then, and the necessary material is far more extensive and varied. If Russia continues to give support upon a large scale, the German government must inevitably become more and more a mere subservient appendage of the Kremlin; if it does not, collapse is inevitable.

The Army Comes to Power

MORE significant still is the internal political condition of Germany. In 1914 a régime which had for generations been the object of general patriotic support entered upon a war which it was able to represent as one of self-defence against an encircling ring of enemies including the "barbarous" Russians; a very genuine unanimity was the consequence. In 1939 a régime which forced its way into power only a few years ago, and which has retained power by the use of the most atrocious brutality towards its opponents, has been compelled (simply as the result of a long-continued bluff being called) to enter upon a war which by no stretch of the imagination can be presented even to the Germans as a defensive war, and at the same time to accept the alliance and support of the "barbarous" Russians whose policies and system of government the Germans have for six years been taught to regard as inimical to all civilization. Docile and suggestible as the Germans are, it is inconceivable that they can all be hoodwinked into ardent support of such a war, waged by a régime against which some millions of them can have no feelings except those of bitter hatred.

The transition from a state of peace to one of war in Germany involves the inevitable submergence of the Nazi party and its Fuehrer and the rise to real political authority of the army and its aristocratic high command, whose acceptance of Nazi rule has always been reluctant and qualified. We do not think

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

EACH morning we wake up still hoping to find that it is all just another fantasy staged by Orson Welles.

The remark that this war is merely a continuation of the last war reminds us of the two things that distinguish our civilization, instalment buying and instalment fighting.

Nazi Germany says that it will abide by the rules of civilized warfare. Considering what civilized warfare is, this is hardly encouraging.

Not everyone was prepared for the outbreak of hostilities. Radio announcers got bogged down badly on the names of Polish cities.

The scientist who gloomily forecasts that the legs of man will become puny as a result of the continued use of the motor-car overlooks the fact that Nature always compensates, in one way or another. In all likelihood man will develop at the same time an over-size thumb.

The United States has affirmed its neutrality, the Americans no doubt being convinced that they have enough on their hands worrying about the World's Fair.

It shows what a topsy-turvy world it is. This week the children went back to school instead of the grown-ups.

You will know it is Utopia, too, because the only issue dividing the human race will be whether you say tomato or tomahto.

The difference between this September and last September is that last year the only evacuation of children was from the summer cottages.

Marshal Goering having been appointed head of the Nazi War Council, we can only hope he will be so busy ordering new uniforms that he won't get around to doing much.

There are two wars being waged at the present time. The actual one in Europe and the other in the fevered world of radio commenting.

The Government has taken measures to prevent profiteering. Now if it would only take measures as well to prevent prophesying.

Esther says that she has obeyed the injunction to keep calm and is going about quietly planning her Christmas shopping.

↑ THE PICTURES ↓

FOR MORE THAN A WEEK before the European Crisis came to a head Canadian military authorities had the situation well in hand and had taken energetic steps to protect vital Canadian communications. Chief among these is the famous Welland Canal, essential link in the inland shipping of a continent and direct route of foodstuffs proceeding overseas. Among the first units of the Non Permanent Active Militia called out for duty was the Lincoln and Welland Regiment. The photographs show troops of this unit on guard duties in the picturesque surroundings of the canal.

that this important element in the nation will look with any equanimity upon the progressive subordination of Berlin to Moscow. It must be borne in mind that the methods by which the Fuehrer has retained his hold upon the masses of Germany become useless as soon as war is declared. The feeble pretence that he is personally in command of any part of the army cannot possibly be maintained; he is not a military genius, nor even a trained commander or strategist, and no responsible army headquarters would dream of allowing him to exercise real command.

End of a Depression

IN THE midst of death we still have to consider the affairs of life, and we trust we shall not be accused of being insensitive to the tragedy of the world's situation if we discuss briefly the probable effects of the war upon Canada's economic position.

It was revealed last week that the sum of 122 million dollars has been spent in direct relief in the city of Montreal since the beginning of the unemployment crisis some eight or nine years ago. That sum alone would have gone far to finance quite a tidy war, and we are by no means sure that the demoralization accompanying its distribution as relief has fallen far short of that produced by a war of corresponding magnitude. That particular evil we may take to have been brought to an end.

Similarly the impoverished state of agriculture throughout a large part of Canada has been abolished overnight, the huge commitments of the Dominion Government in regard to wheat and other prices have been lifted, and our food producers of every kind have been enabled once more to regard themselves as being of some value to the human race.

As regards manufacturing industry, there is no room for doubt that this country, with unimpeded access to the enormous supplies of raw materials in its own territory and that of the United States, faces a period of activity comparable with that of the last two years of the former war. The shipment difficulties arising from the submarine menace will, from all accounts, be less than in 1918; the rate of consumption of military supplies will be far more rapid. Aeroplanes, which next to ammunition are the most rapidly consumed of these supplies, do not even need shipment, as they can cross under their own power; and it is far better that they should be made in a country three thousand miles from the enemy than in places which his own bombers can harass and possibly destroy.

But all classes of supplies will be in heavy demand from both Canada and the United States, and since the United States will be continuing its own rearmament at the swiftest possible pace, the producing capacity of both countries will be taxed to the limit. In both countries there are many advantages, making for efficiency and smooth operation, which did not exist in 1914-18; a vast surplus of transportation capacity both by rail and by road, an adequate regulatory authority in the hands of government and considerable skill in the use of it, a much more co-ordinated structure in industry itself, and a mechanical equipment which will do much, though not all, to offset the one outstanding weakness of the present time, the grave shortage of experienced labor.



Close-Up of the Royal Air Force's Newest and Finest

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

CONTRIBUTING more than anything to Britain's firmness in these fateful days, to the steadiness of her people, and to her prestige in Europe (which I found risen miraculously out of the ashes of the Munich humiliation), has been the expansion of the Royal Air Force. The well-known American military writer, Major George Eliot, told me recently in Paris that it was now unquestionably the finest air force in Europe, its equipment the best-made and fastest, its pilots the best-trained, and its staff organization the most impressive. In the last respect in particular Major Eliot was sure that the British force, with 25 years of sound development behind it, would prove its superiority over the German, hastily built up out of nothing in five years.

Through the special permission of the Air Ministry and the kindness and helpfulness of the Director of Aviation and the works managers of the Vickers-Armstrong company, I have had an exceptional opportunity to see Britain's finest bombers and fighters in production and test them in flight. I should like to tell SATURDAY NIGHT readers as much as I may about all that I have seen and heard.

The bomber model which I saw was the Wellington, which leaped into prominence in the long-distance practice flights over France. The Wellington's secret is an ingenious basket-work duraluminum frame, technically known as of "geodetic" design, which achieves a strength and lightness hitherto unknown in so large a model. The result is a medium-sized bomber with an exceptional carrying-capacity and range, flying at a speed equal to that of all but the latest and fastest fighters. The overwhelming impression in watching it being built was of the incredible complexity of the thing, the exacting workmanship put into it, and the seemingly perfect co-ordination with which the thousands of parts, all made on the spot, flowed together from every corner of the great works to be assembled into the blunt-nosed, sinister implement of destruction. I have visited at various times many famous German machine and armament works, and I can say that the Vickers-Wellington factory doesn't need to take its hat off to any of them in organization or efficiency, and least of all in workmanship.

Millions of Rivets

Rivets! No one had had the time or inclination to figure it out but there must be a quarter or a half a million of them in the Wellington. The whole framework is riveted together of light aluminum channel sections, each shaped by clever machines to a slightly different curvature, and the dozen separate gas tanks are sealed wholly by rivets. One could sense what a long and exacting work of design and preparation had had to be gone through before



LIEUT.-COL. ERIC D. MACKENZIE, C.M.G., D.S.O., Comptroller of the Household at Government House, Ottawa, since 1931, who moved from the capital in August to take over the position of business manager of the estate of the Earl of Derby.

—Photo by Karib, Ottawa.

these Wellingtons came rolling as they do today (two were finished during the hours I was there) out of the huge assembly hall. The Wellington has been five years in development and I was told that it would take a rival power at least two years to copy it and put it into mass production. Supremacy in the air used to change hands as often as every three months in the last war, as each side rushed out a new model superior to the enemy's latest. With the greater complexity of planes and production apparatus today, that doesn't seem likely to repeat itself. Considering also that another war is liable to be much shorter than the last one, the important thing is to be ready for the outbreak of hostilities with your air force filled out with the latest models and backed by a full-scale production of these. Germany was in that position last Fall, and won that round. Today it is Britain who goes into the crisis with superior models, in full production. And if the Germans are preparing machines to beat them, the British have already flown new designs, in both bombers and fighters, which are their betters.

Cruising in a Bomber

Without seeing it in construction it is almost impossible to conceive of the complexity of a modern plane of even the moderate size of the Wellington, with its control apparatus and gun turrets, its wiring for ignition, lighting, radio and signalling, its quarter mile of tubing, and its costly bomb racks. After watching the assembly for some time the manager—who gave me as much embarrassment as pleasure by spending half the morning showing me around—asked if I would like to go up in the test flight of the next one completed. After looking over the pilot and learning that none had failed him so far (and only two had been lost through any cause, of the many score turned over to the air force) I decided to risk the law of averages. They put a parachute on me and told me that if it failed to open when I pulled the cord they would send it back to the factory! My reward was a thrilling if sombre experience of what it feels like to cruise around in a bomber and view the countryside below with an eye to destruction. I learned for one thing how badly the great plane factory itself needed the job of camouflage just being started on it.

The suitable and even necessary complement to this experience was the visit which I made two days later, the actual day of my departure for America on one of the last scheduled boats, to the home of the famous Supermarine "Spitfire" fighters. These were the machines which are counted on to keep German bombs away from English heads. The difference in the psychology at the two works was striking. Both in the same business, even in the same firm, their outlook was entirely different. The people at the bomber works, engaged in making the most efficient engine of destruction known to British ingenuity, were pessimistic about the outcome of German raids and thought they might wreak appalling destruction in Britain. Those at the fighter factory, making possibly the finest chaser plane in the world, were sure that the terrific speed and eight guns of their vicious little beauty could make the air over Britain very hot for enemy bombers.

Hard Target to Hit

Their Spitfire ought to be a beautiful job, too, for it incorporates all the years of research and costly development which went into the famous Supermarine Schneider Cup planes. When a Spitfire comes at you—and it comes from out of sight in one direction and disappears in the other in a good deal less time than it takes to write this sentence, even in my wildest scribble—you see no more than a thin line with a streamlined blob in the middle large enough to hold a man. Not much of a mark for the luckless fellow in the bobbing tail of a bomber, outmaneuvered and out-speeded by 75 to 150 miles per hour, and with one or two movable guns to the Spitfire's eight, fixed in the wings and automatically sighted with the plane.

Terrific problems have been met and solved within the slender body of the Spitfire. Its structure had at the same time to be the lightest imaginable and yet strong enough to carry a 1000 H.P. motor and bear the terrific strains of turning and diving at speeds of over 350 miles an hour. A couple of heavy sections at the front of the fuselage carry the engine and the rest just "follows behind", being only the flimsiest

sort of framework held together by a metal covering (the exact opposite of the Wellington, in which all the strength is in the frame and the covering only fabric). Similarly, in the wings, which would hardly be more than 9 or 10 inches thick, all the strength is built into the leading edge around ingenious tapered beams, and the rest of the wing is just "hung on", providing air surface, a hiding place for the retractable wheels, and carrying the flaps which allow this speedy demon to land at the moderate rate of 80 miles an hour. The Spitfire's Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled engine, latest design of the world's supreme motor works, uses a gallon of gasoline a minute at full throttle, and the tanks carry only 87 gallons. These tanks are right in front of the pilot, almost on his lap, but are separated from the motor and protected from bullets and fire by an armored, insulated bulkhead.

Because it was not thought that there was anything which could catch the Spitfire no armor plate was provided behind the pilot's back. But this is now to be added, mainly for the comforting feeling it gives. Beyond its speed the Spitfire is apparently very sweet in the handling, and the R.A.F. pilots are crazy about them, I was told. I could well believe this when the chief test pilot at Supermarine took one up to show me its tricks. Although I hadn't intended to go up I wanted to right then and there but couldn't for the very simple reason that the machine only holds one person and he practically has to be fitted in with a shoe-horn. What a plane!

Casualty Rates Are Low

At lunch later with the plant chiefs, after a thorough discussion of the weekend fishing results, someone remarked that in the many hundred Spitfires delivered to the Royal Air Force there had been only four fatal crashes. This led to a comparison of British and German training casualties. It was agreed that British pilots get far more training time in the air than German pilots, and in spite of this fact—or perhaps because of it—the casualty rate in Britain was only 1.6 per thousand of flying personnel last year, but was said to run around 20 per thousand in Germany. That Goering thought it necessary to assure German parents in a speech several weeks ago that the air force was not a dangerous place for their sons would seem to lend support to this view.

No one was inclined to under-rate the German air force, but they had heard persistent reports that German design tended towards skimping on strength and quality, on the view that the plane might only last a few hours in battle anyway. German production they put very high, as high as 1250 a month, and this led into a discussion of the relative merits of state and private enterprise in such a field. The Germans

↑ THE PICTURES ↑

AFTER THE DIPLOMATS have failed these will be the people who will settle the issue with Herr Hitler. At the top of the British effort will be, LEFT, Viscount Gort, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, seen here at the War Office with his secretary Major D. W. Gordon and RIGHT, at the bottom of the Polish resistance will be the Polish infantryman. Typical Polish soldiers are seen in this group.

could "get things done" more quickly and drastically; they could locate their factories with the sole consideration of strategic safety and move their work people there "kit and caboodle" whether they liked it or not. No question of cost needed to arise.

Profits Are Kept Small

The British, for their part, were merely adapting their peacetime apparatus to meet a temporary emergency. Existing factories were expanded in most cases, and there was no thought of building great new plants in the farthest corner of the Highlands and simply moving workers and their families there. Besides the cost of such a move and the provision of housing facilities and the like meant formidable expense. And these were private firms, working to contract prices and forced to consider each outlay carefully. (They said they were making only 7 per cent clear on the Wellington, which certainly seemed reasonable considering the risk and the temporary nature of the business). Under such a system important decisions, such as the expansion of the crowded buildings of one of these plants, and the camouflaging of the other, were held up while the money was found. Yet the British system has flexibility in its favor and could be demobilized much more easily than the more rigid German system.

Many, many interesting sidelights on the British character came out during these visits, but none more interesting than the discovery that these plants, and apparently all British aircraft plants, had just properly started up after the holidays. Rather hard to believe, isn't it, that, crisis and all, Britain's aircraft industry took "holidays as usual". But that's how the British won Hitler's war of nerves (from his speech as he started hostilities against Poland it seemed to be his which are on the verge of breaking), just as the superb quality which they insist on putting into every one of these planes will win them the war in the air if it is thrust on them, and as their consideration for the wish of their working people to stay in their home communities, and for the safety of the human beings who pilot the planes, expresses the civilized values for which they, and we, stand.



TORONTO'S NEW ISLAND AIRPORT said to be one of the finest in the world is now in full operation. Here is the Administration building, photographed from below the wing of one of the many modern aircraft which are now enjoying the new facilities.—Photo by Glen Bailey, Toronto.

Swastika Over Quebec: Arcand Meeting

BY JOHN HOARE

FOR many years my home was in Canada. For the last eighteen years I have lived in Italy, France and England. This summer I returned to Montreal to see old friends.

Very soon I learned of Adrien Arcand and the Fascist movement in the Province of Quebec. I read a pamphlet entitled "Adrien Arcand: Discours-Programme: Exposé des principes et du programme du Parti National Chrétien Social." That led me to study other evidence. Then I decided to attend a meeting on July 31. I wished to see for myself.

It was a hot summer evening. I reached the church hall of St. Thomas Aquinas in Montreal at 8.15. It was then three-quarters full. I estimated twenty rows of ten chairs each on either side of the gangway. Long curtains draped the windows, which were closed. On the windows were Fascist torches in red. Between curtains were suspended the triangular-shaped flags beloved of college lads; these each bore a red torch.

At the far end of the hall was a stage, with an old backdrop still suspended. The long table—with "mike"—ran across the stage. At the table were three officials of the party in blue shirts, red torches on their arms. By 8.30 all seats were filled and many were standing at the back behind our chairs. Many more remained in the street, listening to the loud-speaker.

The chairman rose—and the crowd with him. Together, the chairman leading, they made the party "responses," as in a church. Such was the volume of sound that I could not catch the words; but all right arms were thrust out in the Fascist salute. Then all sat down and the first speaker was announced.

He was a small, slim man, by name Pelletier. He spoke clearly and well for some twenty minutes, the entire speech being anti-Semitic. His main point was, as usual, that the Jews are never assimilated by other races, but remain a race apart. The speech was strong and uncompromising, but not violent. The Jews must be removed from business and all lines of life where they exerted a malicious influence, and Canadians left to run their own country. No Jew would ever become a good Canadian.

The Church hall grew unbearably hot. There were various ushers about and they began to open windows. Several stuck. Unlike the average inefficiency of political meetings, someone sent out for a man with a ladder and the windows were forced open. We breathed again.

After Pelletier came a large fellow with an egg-shaped head. Despite a life-long knowledge of French I found him unintelligible, his accent being so thick. He took to amusing the crowd. I gathered he, too, was making gags about the Jews. He broke into chatty colloquialisms; the crowd responded with shouts of joy. But I am forgetting—

The Leader Enters

Just as he began his speech all eyes were turned towards the entrance and everyone rose. Five blue-shirted men marched silently up the gangway amid loud applause. One was the Chief, Adrien Arcand himself. The last three were guards, who ranged themselves at attention round the back of the stage. Arcand sat. The crowd sat. The speech proceeded.

The comic man made Arcand laugh. The crowd loved that. The Jews were good copy tonight for Arcand had held a meeting at St. Faustin that Sunday after Mass, a meeting of 2,000, he said. It was following this meeting that the anti-Jewish notices were posted at St. Faustin and Ste. Agathe. The curtains were now drawn back. The hall was becoming cooler. The speaker sat down amid applause.

Then the chairman stood and in glowing and sumptuous terms, injected with the melodramatic, told of their Great Leader; told of how, whenever Jews had dominated a situation, Heaven had found a Great Leader to rout them. Look at Hitler! Look at Mussolini! Look at Franco! And Arcand—modestly bowing his head—had he not risked his life for the Cause? How they all cheered! Perorating stridently the chairman threw out his arm in salute to Arcand. The Leader rose.

Eyes of a Dictator

Arcand is a spare man with clean-cut head, cropped hair and Dictator's eyes. He began by a straight attack on existing political parties at Ottawa. Mackenzie King and Lapointe had to answer for their Liberal sins; Manion for the Conservative. These men, what had they done for unemployment? In Canada there were one million unemployed and another million only part-time employed. After all these years of failure and broken promises, what did King and Lapointe offer? They said, fearing the next election, that they would appoint a Commission on unemployment. A Commission! After all these years! Three years ago it was a Committee; before that some group to inquire into it. And now a Commission! And that stupid dolt, Manion, he too had been goaded by his rivals to say that the Conservatives also would appoint a Commission! "Rouge ou Bleu, c'est toujours pareil."

What did they care for unemployed people? For starving Canadian men and women? A horse was different. A horse you had to feed. You had to give him water and heat for the winter. But a horse was worth a hundred and fifty dollars; a man—nothing! There was no need under the present system to provide food, water or heat for man. A car was different too. It must have good gasoline and oil or it would not run—but a man, a mere Canadian, he was of no interest to the gentlemen of Ottawa. "Rouge ou Bleu, c'est pareil. Il n'y a qu'une chose qui leur interesse—l'assiette au beurre des piastres!"

Cut Loose from Jewry

And there was no need for unemployment if only Canada would cut herself loose from the cords of International Jewry and others in England and New York who were slowly bleeding her. "Look at me! I am a man. Every day I put into my body so much meat, so many vegetables, bread, sugar and other nourishment. My body works. My muscles work. At the close of the day what residuum, what 'dividend' is left me? A little blood—to circulate through and refresh and renew my tissues and my strength. But if someone has cut a vein—here, in my wrist!—what good is my nourishment then? A vein is cut in Canada's wrist. Of all countries Canada is the greatest producer of gold, of nickel and of grain. If I were

in power the Canadian national debt could be wiped out in six years; but Canada's resources must be handled by herself; and the gold and grain and nickel, taken from Canada's soil, handled and sold by Canadians—instead of being thrown into the arms of International Jewry, the bleeders of every Christian race. Rothschild, Schroeder, Kuhn Loeb of New York, listen to them all!"

End Unemployment

Here Arcand cited a tremendous list of Jewish names. By the time he had finished the hall was rocking with laughter and roaring applause. Yes, in six years he would guarantee to pay off the debt. He would guarantee no unemployment. And, if he failed, why, they could do what they liked with him!

"And then these Rouges and Bleus at Ottawa, they went one worse than betraying Canada financially and industrially. They even offered to sacrifice her sons on the European altars! You, your sons and nephews, your fathers and friends, you will be sent to fight for England, whether you like it or not. Have you been consulted? Have you had any say in European politics? Have you any control of events over there? None whatsoever. But you will go—because King, Lapointe and Manion say that you will go. Because those traitors refuse to recognize the Statute of Westminster that made Canada an independent nation; because they intend to treat our land as if she were a colony of England. I tell you, I shall not go! If you follow me, you shall not go—not without a referendum!"

Arcand paused and seemed to begin quietly on some subsidiary subject. I wished to digest what I had seen and heard, so I left for a cooler place.

Arcand had made certain gross misstatements here and there. He had said that Moseley had a following of two and half million Fascists in England. Moseley exploded into thin air when his uniforms were banned. If recently he has had any comeback, I should put his following at twenty thousand maximum.

Meeting Well Run

Arcand also stated specifically that ninety per cent. Canadians did not live in any degree of comfort; in fact he gave me the definite impression that only ten per cent. Canadians attained the necessities of life. Is that true? Yet for the most part on this occasion his speech was reasoned, clear, fighting politics.

One thing struck me as curious; eight or nine times I was sharply pulled up by mistakes he made in French genders; one I recollect—"Les pouvoirs genereuses." I am wondering how such an un-Latin error could arise. For the rest his French was clear, sound and dramatic. In fact the general impression he made on me was of distinct ability that should not be underestimated. The whole meeting was well run. It was never dull or permitted to drag. He was speaking largely to the converted and the response helped the speakers. There was no heckling. But I was told that heckling is not permitted!

In brief, apart from the anti-Semitic arguments, the speeches seemed to me to be no more and no less misleading than most demagogic party planks one might encounter anywhere. Even Arcand's trump card about not fighting for England opened a field of entirely legitimate political speculation which, however, cannot be discussed here.

It is when one comes to study and analyze the documents bearing on the origins of the organization, its early associations, developments and present condoning influences, that a much more vivid complexion is given to the Parti de l'Unité Nationale du Canada—swastika, torches and all. In an ensuing article I shall show how Arcand is directly linked with Hitler, why he changed the swastika into torch and who his friends are in the Province of Quebec.

BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN

It is not often that the official propaganda vehicle of a Canadian political party contains verse of such literary merit as SATURDAY NIGHT will willingly let die; but that is certainly the case with these verses under the title of "Bundle From Heaven" in the last issue of the Canadian Liberal Monthly, over the signature "Chip."

WHERE did you come from, Baby dear?
"Out of the everywhere—into the here."

Tell me, my Sweet, what your name may be?
"Dad calls me The New Democracy."

And who, may I ask, is your Papa?
"He's Major Herdridge, of Ottawa."

What means that smile in your bright blue eye?
"Tim Buck kissed me as I passed by."

And why are your little cheeks so red?
"Aberhart patted me on the head."

What is that cute little song you sing?
"Down with Manion and down with King!"

Well; I hate to discourage you, Baby dear,
But you haven't got long to live, I fear.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

President Wilson and Poland

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IT IS the favorite basis of German contentions for the alteration of the map of Europe, that Germany surrendered her arms in 1918 on the strength of terms set forth by President Wilson in his famous Fourteen Points, and that these items were subsequently completely disregarded in the Versailles settlement. As a device of political argumentation this resort to the Fourteen Points has its merits. The Fourteen Points were not a contractual document, aiming to embody certain exactly defined ideas in the clearest possible language; they were a rhetorical utterance, with all the vagueness customary in such utterances, and leaving therefore the customary latitude to different parties to interpret them in their own manner. The Germans by applying their own interpretation to the Fourteen Points have no great difficulty in making them appear rather different from the concrete application of them effected by the Versailles treaty.

But the case of Danzig and the Polish Corridor happens to be one in which the Fourteen Points do absolutely nothing to support the German claims. Point 13 reads as follows: "An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant."

This is a highly specific undertaking. The provision for access to the sea is additional to the provision for the inclusion of all Polish populations; it refers clearly to additional territory, not necessarily occupied by Polish inhabitants. The access is not to be merely access, but "free and secure access." The possession of Danzig by another power is a fatal bar to such free and secure access, for it can be used to completely destroy the usefulness of Gdynia, the only other available port. Danzig might perfectly well, under the terms of this Point, have been turned over bodily to Poland, and it might have been better if it had been. The treaty-makers, however, listened to the complaints of the German population of Danzig that Poland was not fit to exercise rule over them, and made Danzig a free city with some measure of ultimate control in the hands of the League of Nations—which has grievously failed to exercise that control to any good effect. The Corridor was placed under Polish government, and is little more than wide enough to afford the "free and secure" passage to the sea which the Thirteenth Point guarantees.

No Self-Determination

The internationalization of Danzig and the Polonization of the Corridor are represented by the Germans as being a violation of the principle of self-determination. Apart altogether from the fact that Germany has never paid any respect to the principle of self-determination except when it is Germans who are to do the determining, it is important to note that the Fourteen Points, to which they so constantly make appeal, contain no reference to self-determination as a general principle. It is obviously a principle which can only be applied to a limited extent; small local minorities in single cities or counties cannot very well be permitted to vote themselves out of the sovereignty by which they are surrounded. It is invoked in several specific Points dealing with the destiny of particular nations, but it is nowhere included among the general principles of the Points, which are only six in number, and are: Open covenants, freedom of the seas, removal of economic barriers, reduction of armaments, adjustment of colonial claims, and a general association of nations.

All the other Points deal with the treatment of particular nations.

Even in the Four Principles, the Four Ends and the Five Particulars of the later Wilson speeches, which are sometimes appended to the Fourteen Points as further bases for the German surrender, there is only the following very guarded statement of the self-determination principle: "All well defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe." In other words, a general recognition of the principle of self-determination is nowhere to be found among the Wilsonian declarations upon the strength of which the Germans claim to have laid down their arms in 1918.

The Corridor is further claimed by Germany to violate another principle, which however they do not claim to find in any Wilsonian declaration. This is the right of Germany to continuity of territory—land communication under her own sovereignty between all parts of her European area. This is pure power politics; there has never been any suggestion in international law, in any treaty, in any Wilsonian declaration, that any nation, great or small, must necessarily be provided with continuous land communication between all its continental possessions, and the provision of such communication in the case of East Prussia and the rest of Germany would be a flat violation of the provision made for Poland in the Fourteen Points and in the treaty. The sole basis for any such claim is the ability of a large and powerful nation to take what it wants from a smaller and less powerful nation; and the whole spirit and form of the Fourteen Points and of every idea expressed by President Wilson opposes it.

Why Not a Tunnel?

An ingenious suggestion was made to Herr Hitler last week by an American financial expert, which would have met Germany's requirements in the matter of communication across the Corridor quite adequately, if they were really concerned purely with peacetime economic transit. This was the proposal for a tunnel under the Corridor, to be guaranteed protection by the Poles but without any surface rights for Germany. Since what the Germans really desire is a communication which they could defend against Polish arms in case of war, they are not likely to have been interested in the proposal, as the tunnel could obviously be blown in from above at a minute's notice in event of hostilities. On the other hand, a militarily defensible German roadway across the Corridor obviously destroys the whole value of the Corridor to Poland, making her access to the sea neither "free" nor "secure," but completely dependent on the goodwill of Germany.

The Poles are probably prepared to face the occupation of a good deal of their territory by invaders, and rely upon a successful termination of the war in other quarters, or by means of blockade and economic pressure upon Germany, when they expect to get it back, and probably to find Germany so broken up by the secession of various parts of its people that it will no longer be a threat to Polish independence. The alternative which faced them seems to have been nothing other than the ultimate partition of their country between Germany and Russia, and a renewal of the state of suppression and subjection in which the Polish people spent most of the period from 1770 to the end of the Great War. It is not surprising that they are prepared to endure a great deal in the hope of avoiding that alternative.

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DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE

THE WEEK IN CANADA

Decided:

The "BATTLE OF THE JUDGES' WASHROOM" which has raged up and down the corridors of the Ottawa Court House for the past few weeks. Hostilities came to a close last week when it was announced at Osgoode Hall that a compromise had been reached between Charleton County judges and their legal brethren of the Supreme Court bench.

The battle was enjoined when county officials decided to give Supreme Court justices better washroom accommodations. Prior to that, they had been obliged to walk some 15 feet through a public corridor to reach the nearest washroom and the learned judges considered the arrangement inconvenient and unbefitting their dignity. However, when county officials drew up plans to convert Room 15A into a rest room, a roar of protest emanated from county judges who had enjoyed the use of that room for 68 years. Marshalled and led by Senior County Judge Albert Constantino, they opened hostilities by obtaining an interim injunction restraining county officials from depriving them of the room. After the injunction had been continued for 2 weeks by Mr. Justice Kelly, a compromise was reached whereby a section of Room 15A will be sliced off to provide a small wash room. While the Supreme Court justices occupy their office—2 months out of the year—they will have exclusive use of the wash room. In their absence, the county judges may use it freely.

Announced:

By DR. ERICH WINDELS, German Consul-General in Canada, that he "firmly intended" to remain in this country. Interviewed by Ralph Allen, staff writer of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* in Ottawa, Dr. Windels had this to say of Canadian shipping and its chances of being torpedoed by German submarines: "Well, Canadian ships are registered in Britain. They are not Canadian. If the Canadian people wish to register their ships with Great Britain, then they must take their own risks". Realizing what he had said, Dr. Windels declared that Allen "must not" write anything without his permission, that "if anything is written without my authorization, I will brand it an impudent lie and an act of propaganda. Then, rage in his face, Dr. Windels ushered Allen unceremoniously from the office. When Allen sought an interview one day later, it ended abruptly and barrenly. Later in the same day, an official of the Canadian government announced that Dr. Windels would shortly leave Canada for Germany.



Resting:

In Montreal, Que., NORA HARRIS, 23-year-old Victoria girl, who decided several months ago to hitch-hike from her home to Halifax, N.S., "because she wanted to see the country." When she left home on May 2, her father suggested that she take a bicycle, but Nora preferred to walk and walk she did. Her reasons for making the trip: "It is educational to travel, and by going alone I could move when and where I wished. Another reason I decided to go alone is that I am a timid person and thought it would help me to get over my self-consciousness." For a week she waited at Fort William, Ont., for a lift through the Great Lakes on a grain boat and when eventually one of the captains obliged, she was taken to Port Col-



WAR PREPAREDNESS. C. R. Beddington, London barrister, appears in court in uniform to represent a client. Immediately after winning his case he reported back to his unit.



CARTOON OF THE WEEK: "THE BACKWARD SQUAD" by Ivan Glassco in the *Hamilton, Ontario, Spectator*.

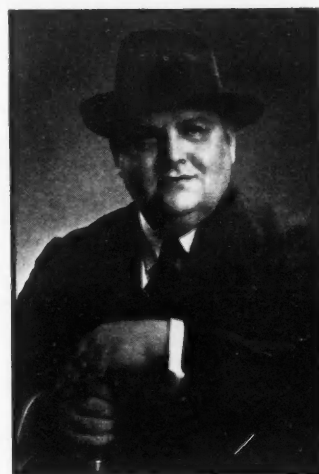
borne, Ont. From there she walked nearly all the way to Montreal.

She sleeps outdoors in a sleeping bag, cooks her own meals, and has made most of the journey so far wearing shorts, although when the weather gets chilly she changes to slacks. Her weight is now 123 pounds: 10 less than when she started out.

Offered:

By COLONEL W. K. WALKER, D.S.O., M.C., of Ottawa, Ont., "a fully manned and equipped motorized machine gun unit" to Defence Minister Ian Mackenzie, on behalf of the Canadian government. Said the Colonel: "The mechanized machine gun brigade, if accepted, will be fully manned by officers and men who are seasoned machine gunners and are ready for immediate service".

Colonel Walker was the last Commanding Officer of the 1st Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade. He enlisted as a trooper in "Elliott's Horse", but on Salisbury Plain, when this irregular unit was dispersed, he was granted a commission and transferred to the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He was awarded the Military Cross and the Distinguished Service Order and the French Croix de Guerre and at the age of 29 was given command of the 1st Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He continued in the active service after the war and retired a few years ago.



APPOINTED: Walter Thompson, Director of Publicity for the Canadian National Railways, as Canadian Chief Censor by Postmaster-General Norman McLarty, chairman of the Cabinet Committee on Censorship. During the Royal visit to Canada, Mr. Thompson acted as chairman of the Press Subcommittee.

—Photo by Karsh, Ottawa.

Appointed:

BRIGADIER A. C. CRITCHLEY to the rank of Air Commodore in the Royal Air Force.

Born in Calgary, Alta., in 1890, Brigadier Critchley is the son of the late Major O. A. Critchley. He received his early education in St. Bees School in Cumberland, Eng., and later became a junior clerk in the Calgary branch of the Bank of Montreal. He resigned from the bank, successfully wrote his entrance exams to the Royal Military College and emerged with a scholarship and a commission in the Lord Strathcona's Horse. At the outbreak of the Great War he went overseas with the First Canadian Division after spending 6 years with his regiment in Canada. Outstanding efficiency and the ability to handle men won him rapid promotion. He was a brigadier at the age of 27 and served in the Royal Air Force in 1917-1918, during which time the present King served under him as a flight commander. Wounded twice, he won the Distinguished Service Order in 1916 and became a Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1919. After the war he took charge of organizing and training all Royal Air Force cadets in England and was given the temporary rank of Brigadier. In 1934-1935 Brigadier Critchley sat as a National Conservative member of the House of Commons for the Twickenham division of Middlesex and took a strong stand for the urgent need of a powerful



air defence arm. Often called "England's Tex Rickard," he introduced the British fan to hockey on a grand scale, importing some of Canada's leading amateurs for his teams, and staged big athletic meets at which boxing, speedway racing, rugby, baseball and soccer were included to give the crowds a diversified sports menu.

Arrived:

In Toronto, JEFF DAVIS, "King and Emperor" of the hoboes of the world, for the visit he makes every 3 years to the Canadian National Exhibition. Accompanied by his wife, who married him 39 years ago but didn't hit the road with him until 1929, King-Emperor Davis was on the tail-end of a trip that had taken him some 70,000 miles in the past 18 months. Every 3 years for the past 18 he has visited the Canadian National Exhibition, but this is the first year that his wife has tagged along. Said he: "My wife never did like travelling much and I think she has had a little too much of it this time. I'm going to have to get her home in a hurry."

Decked out in an entirely new outfit of clothes, Davis was as cosmopolitan as his organization: his shoes were purchased in Mexico, his jacket in Hollywood, and his bright plaid trousers in London, Eng. His claim was that among the members of his itinerant club was one millionaire and hundreds of prominent citizens of Canada and the United States. He was scrupulous to point out that hoboes were in a class by themselves as distinguished from tramps and bums. He himself worked to finance his trip around the world and it was his own money that decked him out in his weird ensemble. The money came from his job as technical adviser in a Hollywood film of a hobo printer.

From Toronto he left for Syracuse, N.Y., where he will be a guest of the New York State Fair on mayors' day and as "royalty" will greet all the mayors of the state. After that he will cook them a chicken mulligan in hobo style.

Addressed:

By HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI, the peoples of the British Empire. Said His Majesty: "In this grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message, spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself."

"For the second time in the lives of most of us, we are at war."

"Over and over again, we have tried to find a peaceful way out of the differences between ourselves and those who are now our enemies; but it has been in vain."

"We have been forced into a conflict, for we are called, with our allies, to meet the challenge of a principle which, if it were to prevail, would be fatal to any civilized order in the world."

"It is a principle which permits a state in the selfish pursuit of power to disregard its treaties and its solemn pledges, which sanctions the use of force or threat of force against the sovereignty and independence of other states."

"Such a principle, stripped of all disguise, is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right. And if this principle were established through the world, the freedom of our own country and of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations would be in danger."

"But far more than this, the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and of security, of justice and liberty, among nations, would be ended."

"This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge."

"It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the seas who will make our cause their own."

"I ask them to stand calm and firm, and united in this time of trial. The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield, but we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God. If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then with God's help, we shall prevail."

"May He bless and keep us all."

Saved:

TOMMY PERLEY-MARTIN, 18-year-old gunner-observer in the Royal Canadian Air Force, by the breadth of a parachute rip cord. His story: "I had been doing some map reading. Suddenly a gust of wind caught me and tore me right out of the cockpit." The Avro biplane from which Perley was blown is fitted with a special open cockpit without a windshield and is used for taking observations. While hurtling earthward from 2,000 feet up, Perley-Martin remembered to pull the rip-cord of his parachute and landed in a field on the outskirts of Winnipeg. Then he waved to Flight Lieutenant W. Hanna, pilot of the two-seated plane, to let him know he was safe. Perley-Martin's



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI (See "addressed" below)

description of his parachute jump: "It was smooth flying with few air bumps. I landed safely. That's all."

Deserted:

From the German liner *Helene*, FOUR LATVIAN SEAMEN at Louisburg, N.S. One of the war-scarred fleet of German merchantmen ordered to home ports in Germany, the *Helene* astonished Yarmouth, N.S., stevedores by hastily weighing anchor and heading for Germany. Four days later she showed up at Louisburg, ostensibly for coal. No one could explain what she had been doing in the meantime, for Louisburg is about 400 miles—a day's run—from Yarmouth.

In the meantime, the Latvians were trudging along the road toward Sydney, N.S., explaining to people they met that they would not fight for Hitler and would rather run the risk of heavy penalties for jumping ship. As a result of the desertion, the treasury at Louisburg was richer by \$4,000: the ship purser was forced to put up \$1,000 for each seaman when the ship docked, and when the four were found missing, bonds for them were forfeited.

Given:

By WALLACE R. CAMPBELL, president of Ford Motor Company of Canada, credit where credit is due. In Toronto last week to attend the annual automotive luncheon at the Canadian National Exhibition, Mr. Campbell disclaimed all credit for the speeches which are delivered each Sunday on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour and are made by W. J. CAMERON of the Ford Motor Company of Dearborn, Mich. It was President Campbell's opinion that the similarity of their names and initials, due to a common Scottish-Canadian ancestry, that led people to confuse him and Mr. Cameron. Said he: "Every now and then I am complimented on having given a particularly fine talk on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. This is flattering, but I want all the credit to go where it so rightfully belongs—to Mr. Cameron."



W. J. CAMERON

Relieved:

TERESA KAWALCHACK, pretty Polish girl who arrived last week from her homeland. Said she: "The war has been on all year for the common people in Poland. All year the soldiers have been marching here and there and all year we have looked for the German bombers. People in Canada have no idea of what we have had to endure in Poland. We knew it was coming. It was only a question of time." Speaking through an interpreter, Teresa said that her immediate ambition is to learn English and help her father who runs a farm on the Holland marsh, near Bradford, Ont.



WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED Member of Parliament should wear. Denton Massey of Toronto on the links at Blooring Inn, Lake of Bays.

THE B.C. LETTER

Vancouver Chinese Assimilate

BY P. W. LUCE

WHEN a group of bright English schoolgirls visited British Columbia last month they saw much to delight and amaze them, but they confessed themselves sadly disappointed with the Chinatowns of Vancouver and Victoria. True, there was much exotic merchandise on display in stores that cater more particularly to tourists, and the quaint signboards covered with mysterious hieroglyphics were most intriguing, but the young ladies wanted something more picturesque for their movie cameras, something that would make their friends at home shout with laughter when the shadows were thrown on the screen.

They wanted most desperately to film Chinamen wearing pigtails!

The English maidens didn't want to believe that no British Columbian of their generation has ever seen a Chinaman wearing a queue. Pigtails went out in a mass haircutting over a quarter of a century ago, when the old régime collapsed in China. A few of the more conservative ancients clung to their braids for some years, but these have long since been called to their fathers, and their granddaughters now patronize the barber shops as assiduously as their white sisters, with equally startling effects.

One young visitor had another grievance against conditions as they are instead of as they should have been, in her adolescent estimation. She somehow managed to meet some of the native-born Chinese and was amazed to discover that their speech was as impeccable as her own highly polished diction.

"Why, they didn't speak pidgin English at all!" she chirruped, giving the "gin" a strong alcoholic pronunciation. "And their clothes! Oh, ataboy!"

The girls, it seems, picked up a bit of Canadian slang on their way across the continent, but their control was a trifle wobbly.

Getting Into Fashion

Another definite indication of the social advancement of the Chinese is that announcements of their births, marriages, and deaths, are now appearing with rapidly increasing frequency in the daily newspapers. It has taken these people a full half century of residence in Canada to adopt this white man's custom, but the delay was not entirely of their own choice. The classified columns never courted their custom, chiefly on the ground that their white supporters would not like it.

Births and marriages were ignored and deaths went unreported, but funerals rated space in accordance with the importance of the deceased. Almost invariably, in earlier days, these were treated with flippancy because of the strange customs of the Heathen Chinese who had a brass band in the procession and left roast pork on the grave instead of a wreath of flowers. Eventually Chinese advertisers protested against these buffooneries. Newspaper proprietors, whose consciences were extremely sensitive where revenue was concerned, promptly issued an edict that henceforth all Oriental funerals were to be reported with solemn objectivity, and the staff humorist had to look elsewhere for his material.

Today's vital statistics are indicative of a changing world. The death notices record the passing of Wong Ho, Soon Mah, Yip Koo, Fow Chee, and other traditional names. The wedding notices tell of the union of Malcolm H. Wong and Winnifred Margaret Soon, Lloyd Edward Yip and Shirley (Babs) Fow-Chee, and other combinations of the East and the West. The births advance an inevitable

step farther into pure Anglo-Saxon nomenclature when the parents find themselves fully emancipated from the thrall of ancient tradition. Twenty years hence, when Boy meets Girl on a blind date, he may be due for a big surprise when he comes face to face with Gloria Loretta Lindsay or Joan Blondell Faye.

Probably he won't mind. By 1959 social equality between the races in British Columbia will probably be a *fait accompli*, in spite of the persistent efforts of the White Canada Crusade to stop what is termed Oriental encroachments in this province. Its chances of success are pretty slim now that the so-called "inferior race" succeeds in crashing the society page with stories of afternoon teas, receptions, bridal showers, garden parties, and bridge tournaments.

Thumbs Down on Thumbing

Hitch-hiking is to be outlawed in this western province after the next session of the legislature, if the directors of the Vancouver Automobile Club succeed in their avowed intention of convincing the government that the time has come to put the thumb-wiggler back on his feet. A rough draft of the proposed measure is already under consideration, but there is admittedly some difficulty in wording a statute that will not unduly curtail the rights of an individual to give a pedestrian a lift if he feels so inclined, and at the same time put a crimp in a widespread habit that is charged with creating a serious highway hazard.

While the safety angle would be stressed as the motivation in any legislative enactment, it must be confessed that one of the chief objections tax-paying motorists have to hitch-hiking is that so many of the fraternity point their thumbs westward when asking a ride, with the result that the coast cities have to play unwilling hosts to an undue proportion of transients, large numbers of whom sooner or later gravitate to the bread line. One hard-hearted motorist who has learned to shake his head emphatically whenever he sees a wagging thumb reports that he turned down forty-seven applications for transportation between Kamloops and Vancouver recently, an average of about one every five miles. On the return trip a week later he was thumbed only eight times.

Now For a Whopper!

Jonah, the only man ever used as bait who lived to tell the tale, has been named the patron saint of the Fish Yarns Club of Oyster River, Vancouver Island, an organization designed to collect and improve the standard of fish stories on the Pacific Coast. Percy Elsey, who designates himself as the Grand Grill Rake, has been bemoaning the steady deterioration of anecdotes concerning the big one that got away, and seeks to rally around him all followers of the gentle sport who scorn to underestimate the size of a salmon or to belittle the fighting qualities of a trout.

Each month a silver tiepin shaped like a fish hook will be awarded for the best story, and the year's best yarn will be rewarded with a medal shaped like a whale. All anecdotes will be accepted at their face value, and no photographs, affidavits, sworn statements, or stuffed specimens will be required as corroboration. Exaggeration will be at the discretion of the narrator, and any person who tells his tale with absolute honesty will do so at his own risk.

Now let the famous American Liars' Club look to its laurels!

The Spanish Refugees

BY LAURENCE C. TOMBS

WHEN a month ago I left the International Commission for the Assistance of Child Refugees in Spain, which despite its restrictive title is aiding adult as well as child refugees, I was asked to bring its work before the Canadian public. Over two million dollars in cash and supplies have been received by the Commission from governments, institutions and private individuals for relief in Spain and in the concentration camps in France and Algeria. The Commission, which is completely unpolitical and impartial, is by far the largest organization giving relief to Spanish refugees. During the civil war it dispensed help in proportion to need to both Nationalist and Republican Spain. During the last year of the war the Commission purchased and sent to Spain approximately \$1,500,000 worth of food and clothing. A staff of thirty, now reduced to ten, was maintained in various parts of Spain. By arrangement with the Burgos Government food shipments sent to Republican Spain by the Commission were exempt from the blockade; not one shipload was lost. Since the close of the war the Commission has distributed relief in Spain through Auxilio Social, the official Franco body.

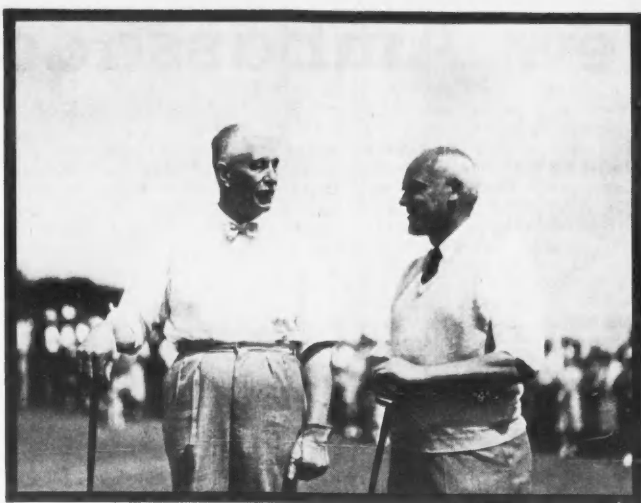
I was stationed in Paris and Perpignan, near the Spanish frontier. My first task was to obtain authority from the French Government for the

landing of 4,000 refugees at Oran, Algeria, who were deloused and clothed by the Commission. Among several official missions I carried out was one to Dublin to purchase dairy products with the Irish Government's second gift to the Commission. The Canadian Government's second contribution of \$10,000 worth of dried codfish will be distributed in the near future in Valencia, one of the neediest parts of Spain.

France's Contribution

Each successive political crisis thrust on us by the dictators brings a new flood of refugees. My experience with Spaniards gave me some insight into one part of the overwhelming refugee problem. One can never forget the worn, haggard, ashen faces of disabled Spaniards living or dying under utterly primitive conditions near the frontier, or the anxious yet courageous and dignified men standing day after day, idle, behind barbed wire. France did not ask for these unfortunate people, and was unprepared for them. At one time they cost the French Government seven million francs a day. France is performing a humanitarian duty of the first order.

While the ultimate fate of the 250,000 Spanish refugees still in France is unknown it is possible that France will incorporate many thousands into its agricultural and indus-



CABINET MINISTERS INAUGURATE GREEN GABLES. Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Resources, and Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Transport, play the first match over the Green Gables course in Prince Edward Island National Park. The name is taken from the famous "House of Green Gables", scene of the well-known novel and the actual clubhouse of the new course. —Photo courtesy Canadian National Railways.

trial life. The time may be fast approaching when able-bodied, intelligent and highly skilled refugees will be regarded by countries as an asset, not a liability. In fact, several thousand Spaniards, most of whom were clothed and inoculated by the Commission, have recently been received by Mexico.

There are admirable Europeans of different nationalities, notably in the countries fallen victim to Nazism, who would gladly come to our country. A few have already been admitted to the Dominion. Let us not forget how cultural and economic life in, for example, Britain, Germany and Holland, was enriched and strengthened by French refugees in the seventeenth century.

Canada's Attitude

Nine years ago Canada was, presumably, a land of tolerance, where men were equal before the law, where the basic liberties gained by

English and French Canadians after hard struggles were respected and cherished.

In recent years, even this very month, there have been disquieting tendencies in different provinces. I was disturbed to read when I reached Father Point of the exploitation of racial prejudice in one district of the Laurentians, which, I understand, was purely local and may not recur. As newspapers were freely distributed on the ship, it was impossible to conceal the incident from a group of distinguished and well-to-do Czechoslovak nationals—in fact, I know that they were among the most important families of that unfortunate country—who had not decided in which part of Canada they would settle. No doubt the Laurentian incident has appeared in a magnified form in the German and Italian press, as it has been mentioned in the American and English papers. After many years' residence in Geneva, dur-



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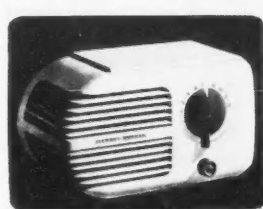
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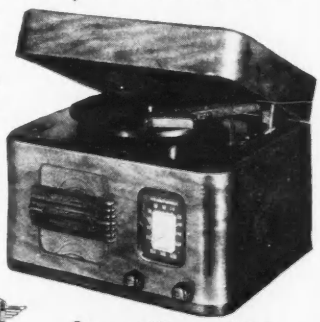
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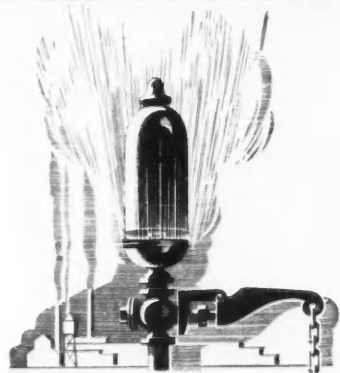
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New Ambassador To U.S.

BY J. A. STEVENSON

THE personality of the occupant of the British Embassy at Washington would ordinarily be a matter of less interest to the Canadian people today than it was twenty years ago, when the Ambassador handled most of the relations between the governments of Canada and the United States. But Philip Henry Kerr, eleventh Marquess of Lothian, who succeeded Sir Ronald Lindsay in that important office last week, has a long acquaintance with Canada and many personal friendships with Canadians; and as he is unlikely to cease his activities as a propagandist for certain causes which intimately affect the relations of the United States with all the British Dominions, his advent cannot leave Canadians unconcerned.

Like Sir Ronald, he belongs to the high aristocracy of Scotland. A branch of the Kerr family held the lands of Ferniehirst in the valley of the Teviot from very early days. In the sixteenth century one of them, John Kerr, having no taste for the customary occupations of feudal fights and cattle raids, entered the priesthood and rose to be head of Newbattle Abbey near Edinburgh. A shrewd man, he saw that the vigorous preaching of John Knox was making many converts for Protestantism, and concluded that the sands were running out for the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland. The conversion of so important a cleric as the Abbot of Newbattle was so great a gain to the Reformers that he was made a Lord of Session; and when the lands of his Abbey were confiscated they were granted to him along with other valuable estates. His son was raised to the peerage as Earl of Lothian in 1606.

Back to Roman Church

The Presbyterian traditions of the Lothians made them Whigs until the French Revolution frightened them into the Tory camp, and later the influence of Cardinal Newman brought them back to Roman Catholicism. But none of them cut any notable figure in public life until the ninth Marquess, succeeding to the title in 1870, became a keen Conservative politician and sat from 1887 to 1892 in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet as Secretary of State for Scotland. His son died in 1930, and Philip Henry Kerr inherited as eldest son of Lord Ralph Kerr, a younger brother. Lord Ralph, a very competent soldier, had married in 1878 a daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk, so that when Philip Kerr was born in 1882 few infants could boast of a more aristocratic lineage. He was educated at the Oratory School, Birmingham, founded by Cardinal Newman, and at New College, Oxford, where he won a First Class in History at the sacrifice of the "Blue" for golf, which it was conceded he could have won with a little more practice.

When he graduated, Lord Milner, a Fellow of New College, was in charge of the reconstruction of the shattered fabric of South Africa's political, economic and social system, and for the new civil service, which he was building up, he was recruiting able young Oxonians. Philip Kerr became a member of what some jester christened "Milner's Kindergarten." Incidentally most of this group, who worked and lived together in Pretoria and Johannesburg more than thirty years ago rose to fame; they included Sir Patrick Duncan, now Governor-General of South Africa, Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of *The Times*, the Hon. R. H. Brand, senior partner of Lazard Frères, a great banking house in London and Paris, Lionel Curtis, the well known British publicist, and the late John Dove, editor of *The Round Table*.

Work for Federation

Kerr got a close insight into problems of administration and the enormous difficulties involved in trying to run South Africa under four separate governments. So gradually he and his Oxonian friends reached the conclusion that the only way to achieve peace and prosperity was by bringing the four colonies, the Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, into some sort of federal union on the model of Canada or Australia. They were fully conscious that such an experiment entailed the concession of complete self-government and in all probability the eventual domination of the Dutch race, but they decided that the risk had to be faced, and they were confident that Generals Botha and Smuts and other enlightened Dutchmen would play the game, if trust was reposed in them. So they established a paper called *The State* as a propagandist organ, and Kerr resigned from the civil service to become one of its editors.

Its advocacy of Federal Union enraged all the Imperialist zealots in South Africa, but converts were steadily made to the idea, and when the support of leading politicians of all parties in the four colonies had been secured, a convention with properly authorized delegates was called to discuss a practical plan of union. Kerr was appointed one of the secretaries of this convention, whose deliberations were prolonged and marked by considerable controversy, but eventually agreement was reached about a federal constitution, and in 1909 the Union of South Africa came into existence.

Philip Kerr and his associates had played an invaluable part at the convention because they had the confi-

dence of both the Dutch and the British elements but most of them decided that their work in South Africa was finished and that they would seek other fields for their energies. They had begun to wonder whether, if it had been possible to achieve a federal union for South Africa in face of enormous obstacles, it might not also be possible to accomplish the federation of the British Empire and they determined to undertake an inquiry into the state of feeling in the other Dominions about Imperial relations. So in 1910 Kerr, accompanied by Sir William Marris and Lionel Curtis, made a careful pilgrimage through Canada, interviewing people of all types and political views and accumulating information about Canadian sentiment on the Imperial issue. Similar pilgrimages were made to the Antipodean Dominions and the Round Table movement was launched in the confident belief that the time was ripe for at least assiduous spadework for Imperial Federation. Round Table groups, which are now all extinct, were founded in all the Dominions for the purpose of studying the problems of the Commonwealth, and *The Round Table* magazine, which still flourishes, was established in London with Philip Kerr in the editorial chair. It was and still is an admirable periodical, but before many years elapsed the outbreak of the Great War dealt a body-blow to the Round Table because the solidarity of the Commonwealth against the common foe falsified the basic thesis of the "Round Tablers" that without some form of binding Federation, its unity would not survive the test of a world war.

Kerr continued to edit *The Round Table* during the early years of the war, but when Lloyd George after ousting Asquith from office in 1916 and forming a new Coalition Ministry was looking for an able private secretary, who had a good working knowledge of the Dominions and their political leaders, he was advised that Kerr was the man he wanted. So the latter as Lloyd George's secretary was for some hectic years an active participant in fateful events which made history. An invaluable servant to his chief, he came to have more influence with him than most members of his Cabinet, and was a prominent figure at the peacemaking of Paris, being credited with the authorship of the reply which was made by the victorious Allies to the German representations against the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. As a reward for his services he was given the prized decoration of Companion of Honor, and he emerged from the Conference with as wide an acquaintanceship among the politicians, diplomats and journalists of the world as any other man possessed.

Work for Rhodes Trust

After the peace he stayed with Lloyd George for two years and then, having planted his friend Sir Edward Grigg in his place at Downing Street, took a rest. But he is no idler, and when in 1922 a group of rich Lio d-Georgian Liberals purchased the *Daily Chronicle*, he accepted the editorship. But he soon found the hard routine of daily journalism irksome, and when in 1925 he was offered the Secretaryship of the Rhodes Trust, he took it and held this office until his appointment as Ambassador. But it left him leisure to do a good deal of writing for *The Round Table*, *The Observer* and other papers and he remained an active member of the Liberal party, high in its councils behind the scenes. He declined offers to stand for Parliament, but in 1930 the death of his cousin brought him into the parliamentary arena as a member of the House of Lords. In it his well-informed and lucid speeches soon made him a prominent figure, and when Ramsay MacDonald in 1931 broke with the Labor party and formed his Coalition Ministry, he selected Lord Lothian as one of the representatives of the National Liberal elements. At first he gave him the sinecure office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster but Lothian gladly abandoned it in a few months for the lower but busier post of parliamentary Under-Secretary for India. A zealous supporter of constitutional reform for India, he was active in the conferences which evolved the new constitution, but in 1932 he found that the Ottawa agreements were completely repugnant to his free trade principles, and along with some other Liberal Ministers, withdrew from the Cabinet. On the Opposition benches in the Lords he has been an effective independent critic of successive National Ministries and none of the small band of Liberal peers has so easily secured the ear of the House.

Changes of Opinion

As an exponent of the Liberal creed he has few equals in British public life, but he has been accused of a certain instability of political viewpoint and purpose. At one time there was no more earnest advocate of the appeasement of the Fascist dictatorships, and he labored strenuously to convince the British people that Germany had been maltreated since the war, and that Hitler, however deplorable some of his methods were, was a well-meaning statesman with pacific intentions. Now, to his credit, he has recanted these views and is all for firm resistance to further aggres-

sions on the part of the dictator states. From a keen protagonist of the League of Nations, he changed into a severe critic, who disapproved of attempts to enforce sanctions and argued that the League was doomed to failure as long as its members were allowed to retain their separate political sovereignties. So lately he has emerged as an ardent crusader for a new international structure in which as a start the democratic nations will all agree to an abandonment of their separate sovereignties and pool their political fortunes in a genuine federation on the model of the United States and Canada, and in his new office he will probably lose no opportunity of commending Clarence Streit's notable book "Union Now" to the American public.

An excellent landlord on his large estates, he is keenly interested in social and educational reform and he lately turned over Newbattle Abbey near Edinburgh, one of his great houses, for an interesting experiment in adult education. It is now many years since he left the Roman Catholic Church and became a Christian Scientist, but he has not wavered in his determination to remain a bachelor.

In his later fifties Lord Lothian has shed the elegant slimmness of his youth, but he is a tall, handsome figure of a man with a singularly attractive face and easy winning manners. A sincere democrat who regards his Marquessate as largely a source of expense, he is for a man of his lineage and upbringing a singularly "good mixer" and one of his friends once declared that he was spiritually a North American. He starts at Washington with one enormous advantage in the shape of a host of friendships with American politicians, journalists and Rhodes scholars and a thorough knowledge of the United States, to which he has paid almost yearly visits since he became secretary of the Rhodes Trust.

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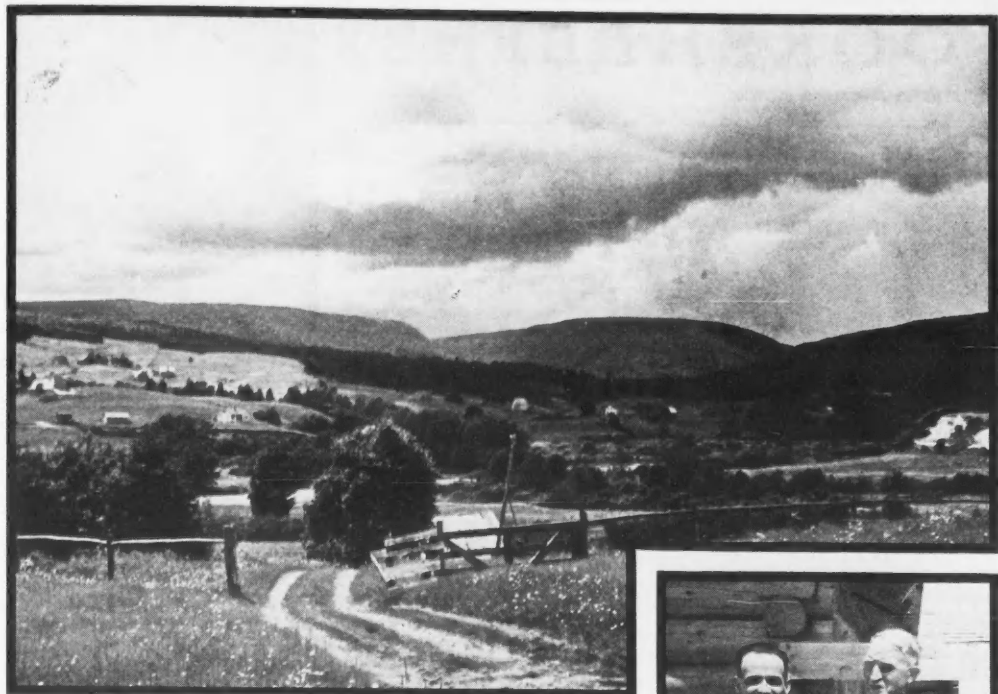
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THE GAELIC COLLEGE. *Top*, Rolling hills stretch out on either side of the rise on which the college is situated. The Cabot Trail winds past its door, and nowhere does the pictorial splendour of Cape Breton surpass these surroundings. *Bottom, left*, This simple log structure is the first Gaelic College in the world. It has been erected to give tangible evidence of the plans which embrace a larger stone structure on the same site, former homestead of the great Reverend Norman McLeod, beloved of all Cape Breton Gaels. *Right*, The Reverend Angus MacKenzie and master-builder Duncan McLeod, two of the driving forces behind the erection of the Gaelic College. —Photos by "Jay".

The First Gaelic College

"CIAD MILE FAILTE" they greet you at St. Ann's in Cape Breton once a year. And if you don't know what that means, you have no business being there, for you have barged in on the annual Highland Scottish Gathering, where Gaelic is "au fait" and we foreigners are a nuisance.

Cape Breton is full of Gaelic Scots. Around Sydney way, the MacDonalds are in such abundance that the various John MacDonalds are listed on the voters' lists by their nick-names, such as "the long one," "the red," "the killer," "the skunk," and similar colorful appellations. In Baddeck, nearest town of any size to St. Ann's, the MacLeods hold sway. And interspersed are the MacKinnons, the Campbells, the MacLellans, the MacAskills, and so on, far into the night.

They cling to their old Gaelic customs, do the people of Cape Breton. They wear the tartan around Baddeck, so people say. In any event, they sell fine plaids in the stores, and the weaving would do credit to the Isle of Harris itself. But more important, these stubborn Scots, who read their Bible with its Gaelic on one page and English on the opposite for the heathen, have started something that promises to be unique in the whole wide world. They have started the only college in the world—including Scotland—that is dedicated to the preservation of Gaelic culture!

The Rev. Norman MacLeod, who came to Cape Breton in 1820, the first Presbyterian minister, and a dour one, to make his home on Cape Breton Island, was the source of inspiration for the Gaelic Foundation that plans so boldly. A Gaelic College has been an old dream with the Cape Breton Scots. But it took a stranger (a foreigner practically), from the Isle of Skye to set the plan in motion and to bring about its first fulfilment in the log structure that was opened this year as the temporary college building.

Gaelic Foundation

Angus MacKenzie is a Reverend, but he is no Cape Breton Scot. He was born on the Isle of Skye, received his education in Saskatchewan and at McGill, practised in Toronto, lived in the United States, fought in the Great War—all this before he came to Cape Breton four years ago. He heard much talk among his congregation about a Memorial for Dr. MacLeod and about a Gaelic College. And, being a practical soul, he suggested that something be done about it. The counter to that suggestion was to elect him chairman of whatever committee might be set up to do something. So the unfortunate Reverend, probably to save his own face, started to do that something.

His second surprise was to find what a tangible response there was to his plans and suggestions. And "tangible" translated into Gaelic, means money.

The "Cape Breton Island Gaelic Foundation" was organized "to preserve and foster the customs, traditions, culture and particularly the language of the pioneering Gael. In brief, to promote all things Highland Scottish." Memorial certificates are issued to every subscriber to the Memorial Fund, entitling the holder to life membership and active partici-

BY KENNETH JOHNSTONE

pation in the affairs of the organization. Those subscriptions are just five dollars each.

Last year, the Rev. Angus MacKenzie, with committee, made a tour. He went down to the United States. He set up branches of the Foundation in cities like New York, Detroit, Boston. In Boston alone he found a thousand Gaels anxious to participate and pay their five dollars each. And he found enough money to go ahead with plans.

The Log College

So, the site of the original Norman MacLeod homestead was chosen as the location of the Memorial. A hundred acres of the land was given by the municipal council of Victoria County for the purpose. Ground was cleared and a log building 20 feet wide, 60 feet long, was erected. By July 26, 1939, it was ready for the second annual opening, duly performed by the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Premier of Nova Scotia. The building, primitive though it is, with its two rooms, respectively lecture room and museum, now stands as the first and only Gaelic College in the world.

Later, it will be replaced by a structure of native stone, comprising a Gaelic library, a lecture room, a museum, and a tower. The 400 acres of rolling meadows and forest surrounding the spot are being turned into a Memorial Park. The Nova Scotian Government has been sufficiently conscious of the project to divert the new Cabot Trail from its original line to pass by the door of the present log cabin. So, Gael and non-Gael alike will pay tribute to the enterprise and tenacity of that breed which, not content with conquering the world for the English-speaking race, are now determined to assure that the very best Britishers retain their native tongue as well.

"Clanna Nan Gaidheal Ri Guaillibh A Cheile."

I wonder what that means?

Keep Self-Reliance

The first classes in the new institution of learning started on July 27 under Dean Jonathan G. MacKinnon, and are continuing through August. In opening the College, Premier Macdonald, who was attired in Scottish dress, charged the visitors to look to the Scottish virtues of self-reliance, religion, love of education, and a deep sense of loyalty to family, clan, chief, and king. "We live in a time," he said, "when the tendency of many people is to lean on somebody else. That has never been the spirit of Scotland. If we lose independence of mind and self-reliance, we shall be easy victims of every new theory of government. We shall be an easy prey to the dictator. We shall lose that democracy which no people in the world have defended and maintained more vigorously than the people of Scotland."

Dr. Gordon MacLennan, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Pittsburgh, who is a native of Victoria County, presided over the ceremony of the opening of the pioneer museum by the Hon. Mr. MacMillan. Here are to be found relics from Scotland more than a century old, and local relics from the spacious days of the Rev. Norman MacLeod and the famous Cape Breton giant, Angus MacAskill.

Later in the afternoon and bringing the ceremonies to a close was staged the first Gaelic *mod* ("o" as in odd) ever held in Cape Breton. The word is akin to the Anglo-Saxon *moot* or meeting, with the additional connotation of being an annual meeting for Highland literary and musical competitions. Participants came from all over the Island to compete in the program of Gaelic vocal and instrumental music, the Highland Fling and Sword Dance.



CHINA SALUTES THE U.S. Of much interest in philatelic circles is this new Chinese issue which bears the American flag. It is designed to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence and to mark the traditional friendship which has existed between China and the United States.



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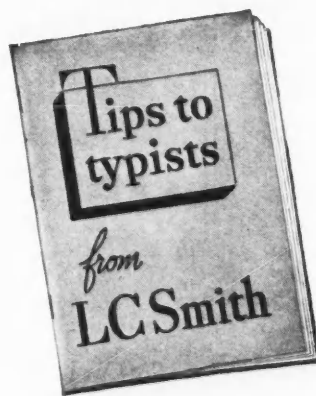
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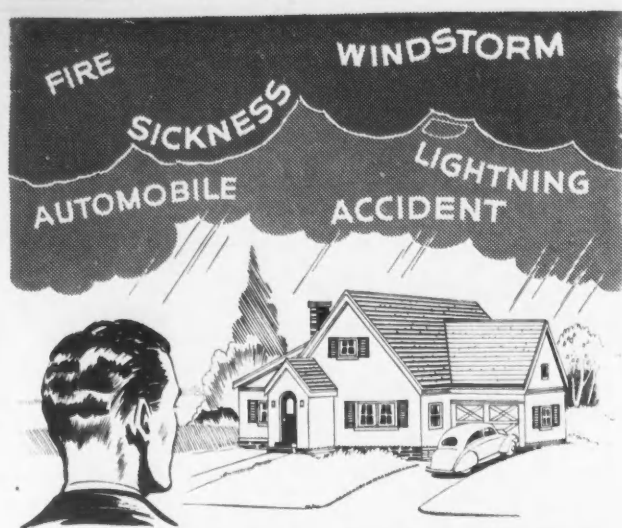
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BY W. S. MILNE

"Four Keys to Guatemala" by Vera Kelsey and Lilly de Jongh Osborne. Oxford, \$3.00.

"The Orchid Hunters" by Norman MacDonald. Oxford, \$3.00.

"Eastern Visas" by Audrey Harris. Collins, \$4.00.

"I Went to the Soviet Arctic" by Ruth Gruber. Musson, \$3.50.

TRAVEL books may be divided into several classifications. There are those whose purpose is purely informative, guide-bookish; there are the questing ones, in which the traveler, like Jason or King Pellinore, is after something material, such as hidden treasure, or the giant crested Alaskan whiffletit; there are the personal ones, which read like letters home to the family, and contain much that only a most devoted family would give a darn about; there are the scientific and missionary ones, earnest, purposive, documentary; and there are those written by the glorious company of which Sir John Mandeville and Baron Munchausen are distinguished members.

My own partiality is all for the latter class, but in these faithless modern days, in which we believe no fairy-tales unless they are vouched for by two eminent Viennese physicians, and illustrated by cross-sections and photo-micrographs, I can indulge my preference only by turning to the past. In other words, I am afraid that all four of the books listed at the head of this article are reasonably veracious, as far as that is possible to fallible and enthusiastic human beings, and so lack the deepest and oldest delight of all travelers' tales, the delight that has

made the expression proverbially synonymous with delightful fabrications. However, two of them are exciting enough to read as if they were travelers' tales indeed. As I have a naturally tidy mind, I should like to be able to say that each of the four classes is represented by a different book, but the categories overlap.

Not a "Book"

I can proudly display, however, a practically pure specimen of type number one. Except for the photographs, which are interesting, and the jacket, which is delightful, "Four Keys to Guatemala" is pure guide-book. It is probably a very good guide-book. It gives the history of the Indian and his ancestors, their customs, ceremonies, festivals, costumes, home life, arts and crafts; the story of the Spanish conquest, and an appraisal of the civilization it has left behind; it traces the rise of the movement that resulted in the present republic, and discusses Guatemala today in great detail. There are lists of churches, with what to see in each; a list five pages long of indigenous trees and plants; eight pages of sports and recreations; statistics, dates, documentation in abundance; a systematic gazetteer of towns and villages, a four-page bibliography, and an eight-page index. All of which is thorough and praiseworthy, but dull, and not what one would expect from the vivid and jolly colors of the jacket. As a book of reference for prospective travelers or settlers in Guatemala, it would be priceless; for the armchair traveler, it is a book that is not a book, like the telephone directory.

Class two, the book of quests, is thrillingly represented by "The Orchid Hunters." The very title suggests Mayne Reid and George Manville Fenn, writers of stories that were stories, and the book lives up to its title. Two young Americans get tired of office work, go down to the docks, see a South American freighter, talk with the mate, learn a little about the orchid industry, start to learn more, become theoretical specialists in orchid-hunting, persuade dealers to finance them, and start off for Colombia and Brazil. They got their orchids, and the getting makes a thrilling tale. There is a good deal of personal interest in the narrative, but the glamor and adventure of the quest is well brought out, and the detail is rich in color, with much incidental comedy. MacDonald must be quite a lad, and his partner MacKay is all right, too. You can't beat the Macs. Rex Stout, creator of Nero Wolfe, the orchid-grower detective, contributes a glowing introduction.

Nice Going

I am afraid "Eastern Visas" leans toward class number three, in which the writer, generally a lady, devotes as much space to the difficulties of getting a bath and the deference and delight with which she was hailed by native dignitaries as she does to matters of more general interest. She reminds one, in her rather naive assumption that she is just as interesting to other people as she is to herself, of Dunsany's Miralda, who suddenly turned up in the middle of Al Shalodmir, because she had met a captain who was such a nice man, and Hafiz her camel driver was so devoted to her. Miss Harris's book is not as bad as all that. Indeed in spots it is rather good. Not even a self-possessed young Englishwoman with substantial funds at her disposal can travel through Manchukuo, Korea, Japan, China, India, Nepal, Sikkim, Afghanistan and Russia and fail to make a day-by-day account of her peregrination interesting. Miss Harris is keenly observant, able to make herself at home anywhere, with anybody, and remarkably successful in avoiding well-beaten tracks. She is prone to sweeping generalizations, vague philosophizing, and a purely personal approach. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed Miss Harris most when she was not too obviously doing her duty by the reader, and can quite believe in the charm to which not even viceroys and vicereines were impervious. Her literary style is a bit chatty, and she leaves a trail of dangling participles behind her, to say nothing of the following, culled at random from among much overlooked by the proof-reader: *autonomous, complimentary colors, it's for the possessive pronoun, phynomy, and preptory*. She also visited Malaya and Java, and she has promised to make another book about that. Nice going, Audrey.

Arctic Utopia

Dr. Gruber's book is the most alive of the four, and the most informative. She went on a mission, found a treasure of stimulating ideas and achievements, presents her story as an unbiased factual study, and yet contrives to give it the color and freshness of a personally-realized experience. Dr. Gruber became at the age of twenty the youngest doctor of philosophy in the world. She is now only twenty-seven. This book is an account of a visit to Russia undertaken on an American traveling fellowship in an attempt to learn of the actual condition of women in Russia today. She sent back a series of articles to the New York Herald-Tribune which have been widely syndicated. On page 287, she quotes the first paragraph of the series she wrote for the North American Newspaper Alliance, and a somewhat altered and emperpled version that appeared in the columns of a Toronto daily.

Stefansson suggested that she see what the Soviets were doing in the Arctic, and when she heard that in the new frontier town of Igarka, within the Arctic Circle, there was a woman mayor, she jumped at an invitation to go there and see for herself. She found men and women working side by side, in docks as in laboratories and offices, for equal pay. She saw a new modern city being erected, garden vegetables growing under glass, ships from all over the world being loaded with Siberian lumber. She sailed on part of the first commercial voyage in history from the Pacific to the Atlantic across the top of the globe, the North-East Passage, now made possible by Russian enterprise and research, which included the erection of a score of weather stations and radio plants, and the building of a fleet of ice-breakers. She found a new empire of the north, born of the dreams and enthusiasms and labors of youth, a marvel and a portent. She is not herself a communist, and writes critically, with an honest attempt to find and point out weak spots in this Arctic Utopia, but the picture she paints is a thrilling one. This is a book that will be widely discussed.



AUDREY HARRIS, author of "Eastern Visas", reviewed in this issue.

Inside Stuff

"Service Entrance," by Kyra Goritzina. Carrick and Evans (New York). \$2.50.

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

IT IS SOME years since a young woman friend and I made tentative plans to disappear from our native heath and seek employment together to see if we couldn't make a pretty job of domestic service. I seem to remember we felt that as a pair of parlor maids we would be worth any wealthy mistress's money. To begin with, we looked incredibly smart in the uniform; particularly the cap, cause of so much heartburning in the bosoms of our mothers' employees. And the way we could announce a guest or serve a dinner left nothing to be desired from our point of view. We knew, of course, that there would be other duties possibly a bit more arduous, less stagey, and even boring, but our plan was to resign in three months anyhow, and the high wages we would get from our hand-picked employers would be practically pure gravy. We would show ordinary servants what's what. Wouldn't it be fun?

It is a common delusion, and the answer is, of course, that it would not be fun. But the idea is still full of fun. A skillful dramatist made a delightful comedy of it a couple of seasons ago in "Tovarich." And now comes "Service Entrance" by Kyra Goritzina with her "Memoirs of a Park Avenue Cook" to entertain us. Where "Tovarich" depended for our fun on a Grand Duchess (Imperial) and her very nearly royal husband hiring themselves out, the author of "Service Entrance" tells truthfully of a member of the late Czar's Imperial Guard and his well-bred wife's experiences in domestic service in America. Had it appeared before "Tovarich" I think it might well have stolen much of that play's thunder; appearing afterwards, it gains immeasurably by the mental pictures one retains of the play.

The Goritzinas were White Russian emigrés. Half the charm of their story lies in their personalities. Hard-boiled America found it easy to exploit their Russian naïveté, but could not spoil it. Here are people who translated noblesse oblige into a genuine desire to give full value for the wages they so hardly earned; people both trustful and trustworthy. They are people you like enormously. It is this which differentiates "Service Entrance" from "One Pair of Hands," that earlier book of the year about domestic service. In telling her adventures as a cook-general in England, young Monica Dickens mixes fiction with fact, shoves her job into the rubbish bin with the food she ruined and the china she broke, and makes the reader want to wring her neck. Put that book out of your mind in beginning "Service Entrance."

It is interesting to see any drama from back stage. Everyone enjoys a glance into a strange house through uncurtained curtains at night. Alice found the clock on the mantelpiece quite fascinating when she climbed through the looking glass. It is to this curiosity in us, particularly, I must admit, to this curiosity in women, that Mme. Goritzina's memoirs appeal. She tells us how other women furnish their wildly expensive penthouses in New York and house their servants in a dark pair of closets over the air shaft; how young Mr. Carter, the financial wizard, could redecorate his huge apartment and his yacht, but not without borrowing his servants' wages; how some wealthy employers are mean about food and others mad about Emily Post.

The Goritzina literary style has something of the nice child quality that is their outstanding characteristic. It can make a simple story delightfully funny. "Service Entrance" is perfect hammock reading.

BOOK SERVICE

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THE BOOKSHELF

These Are The Real Nordics

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

"Iceland; the First American Republic" by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Doubleday, Doran, \$4.00.

IN THIS volume the author of "The Friendly Arctic," and most eminent of modern Canadian explorers gives a most fascinating account of the land of his ancestors, copious in information and succinctly presented. His subtitle draws attention to the fact that geographically Iceland is part of the Western hemisphere. It lies hundreds of miles from its nearest neighbor on the Eastern hemisphere, Scotland, but on a clear day the shores of Greenland can be seen from it. It became a republic in 930 A.D., well over 800 years before the United States of America. In his historical chapters Mr. Stefansson shows that the latter was really the third American Republic; Icelanders subsequent to their original foundation established a second republic in Greenland, ultimately wiped out by disease or massacre.

It was from this secondary settlement that the Viking expeditions sailed and found Vinland on the mainland of North America, the exact location of which is a matter of controversy. Mr. Stefansson surmises that Vinland was somewhere on the southern part of the Labrador coast. He is apparently unaware of the discovery of ancient Viking armor at Beardmore, near Lake Nipigon in North Ontario, the ancient character of which has been absolutely authenticated by the investigations of Prof. McIlwraith of the University of Toronto, amplified by J. W. Curran of Sault Ste. Marie; but he makes it clear Icelandic adventures were in North America, Baffin Land, Labrador and Newfoundland long before the voyage of Columbus. Incidentally he shows that the story that Columbus himself visited Iceland in 1477, long supposed to have been a fabrication by the explorer's son, Ferdinand Columbus, is true.

The story of Iceland bristles with historical problems, not merely geographical but political. Fortunately early documentary evidences of its past are more complete than in the case of any other northern people. Iceland was settled and had a democratic

form of government before Scandinavia became Christianized and was a late-comer to the Christian fold. After the Christianization of Norway records of the pagan era were destroyed but in Iceland they were preserved and from thence the Eddas and Sagas come.

A surprise to many readers will be found in the fact that the original settlers of Iceland came from Ireland. Today it is estimated that 30 per cent. of the present population is of Irish descent. Moreover most of the original Norse settlement came via Scotland and Ireland. Relations with the British Isles are ancient. Bristol merchants traded there actively in the 15th century and it was by reason of his association with Bristol that Columbus journeyed thither in 1477. The antiquity of parliamentary institutions on a democratic basis was recognized by the late Viscount Bryce many years ago, and it was he who pointed out their affinity with those of the Isle of Man. Mr. Stefansson maintains that Iceland has remained to all intents and purposes a republic for a thousand years, though at various times under the suzerainty of Norway and later of Denmark.

A Danish attempt to suppress free institutions 70 years ago caused the Icelandic immigration to America. In Canada the great promoter of Icelandic settlement was the Earl of Dufferin, while Governor-General. His Excellency had visited the island in 1856 and greatly admired its people; and at his instance the colony of "New Iceland" was established on the south shore of Lake Winnipeg as early as 1875. Mr. Stefansson estimates that there are now 40,000 persons of Icelandic birth or descent in North America, of which 30,000 are in Canada. Saskatchewan boasts the largest purely Icelandic community, numbering 4,000; and there are 6,000 persons of Icelandic blood in Winnipeg, where they have played an eminent role in professional and political life.

Iceland, relative to its population is a large exporter of native products. In the middle ages when falconry was a universal sport, its falcons were the finest available, shipped all over Europe and even to the Saracens.

all his brown brothers—his son Ali—and of course, the young Pukkha Sahib, John Carr.

Into the story is woven the thread of an idyllic love affair that eventually surmounts what would seem, in real life the insuperable barrier of religious difference. Ali is a Moslem, Sita a Hindoo. With the success of the irrigation scheme peace and plenty come to the peasants of the district.

"The Sacred Falls" bears unmistakable evidence of the author's intimate knowledge of India and her people but, in spite of this fact, a sense of unreality pervades the book. It is, perhaps, that, in the manner of earlier novelists, Mr. Channing makes his bad characters so very, very bad and his good characters so very, very good that, at times, the reader almost cries aloud for a little of that admixture of goodness and badness that he has come to regard as human nature. On the other hand Mr. Channing has a smooth mastery of English and a descriptiveness of phrase that presents the unfamiliar Indian scene with clarity and force.

More Shavianisms

"Geneva: A Fancied Page of History in Three Acts" by Bernard Shaw. Macmillan, \$2.50.

"Bernard's Brethren" by C. M. Shaw. Macmillan, \$3.25.

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE Shavian recipe still works, but naturally the flavor of the cake is much the same as on previous bakings. It does not greatly matter whether the chief ingredient is Hitler and Mussolini or merely an English doctor or clergyman; in each case it is not a human being but a grama-phonograph or the recitation of some Shavian arguments. It is well that theatre audiences—and readers of printed plays—should learn that there are good Shavian arguments for at least a part of the case for Hitler and Mussolini, to say nothing of Stalin. (We think Mr. Duplessis will have to ban this volume in Quebec; it gives a Russian Commissar much the best of an argument with an English Bishop.) But without the aid of very brilliant acting it does not get us very far.

Neither does the volume on the Shaw clan (family is much too narrow a word) by a cousin of G. B. S. who lived most of his life in Australia. The book, which is luxuriously produced, has many running comments by G. B. S., which are printed in red on the opposite page, giving somewhat the impression of a rubricated prayerbook gone cynical and almost profane. There are so many differences of opinion on historical fact between G. B. and Charles Macmahon Shaw that future biographers will not be helped much by this volume, and unfortunately most of them are by now quite incapable of solution. For example, C. M. maintains that he saw G. B. as a boy, while G. B. maintains that he could not have. Personally we don't care which is right, because if he saw G. B., C. M. most completely failed to make a worthwhile story out of it.

The New Books

GENERAL

"Americas to the South", by John T. Whitaker. Macmillan, \$2.75. The important things every North American should know about South America, discovered and set forth by a first-class newspaperman.

"The New German Empire", by Franz Borkenau. Macmillan, \$2.25. Another exile from Hitlerland tells of the extent of the Nazi dream and of the plans already under way to make it reality.

"France and Munich", by Alexander Werth. Munsell, \$4.00. The Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells more of the history leading up to the tragedy.

"The Beeps", by Virginia Holton. McClelland & Stewart, \$2.25. A friendship between humans and birds extending across thousands of miles of travel.

"Chemical Gardening for the Amateur", by Charles Connors and V. A. Tiedjens. Munsell, \$2.25. Now you can grow plants indoors or outdoors without soil.

"Voyage of State", by Gordon Young. Munsell, \$1.50. Reuters' senior correspondent tells the story of the Royal Visit to Canada and the United States.

FICTION

"Love In The Sun", by Leo Walmsley. Collins, \$2.50. A story of high-spirited happiness and the open air.

"Family Ties", by Marguerite Steen. Collins, \$2.50. A novel which tilts with sure but merciful wit at literary and religious hypocrites.

"Come Michaelmas", by Geraint Goodwin. Nelson, \$2.00. A story of life in the English countryside on the Shropshire border.

"Rogue Male", by Geoffrey Household. McClelland & Stewart, \$2.25. Many people have been tempted to go gunning for a Dictator. Here is a story of an Englishman who did.

"Mr. Moonlight's Island", by Robert Dean Frisbie. Oxford, \$2.50. The lives and pleasant customs of the people of one of His Majesty's coral atolls.

"Ararat", by Elgin Groseclose. McClelland & Stewart, \$2.50. An epic novel of adventures between the Black and Caspian Seas.

"Hudson Rejoins The Herd", by Claude Houghton. Macmillan, \$2.50. An invalid gropes his way from the frontier of death to the world of living people.



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Fictional Findings

BY MARY DALE MUIR

"Trouble for Lucia" by E. F. Benson. Munsell, \$2.00.

"Authors in Paradise" by Alan Griffiths. Stokes, \$2.50.

"The Sacred Falls" by Mark Channing. Lippincott, \$2.75.

ONCE again, despite her many appearances, Mr. Benson's irrepressible Lucia makes her bow vivaciously as ever in "Trouble for Lucia." As Mayor of Tilling she rises to the heights of her whimsically satirical existence, lives in an atmosphere of self-manufactured busyness and importance, accompanied even in her social visits by a series of agenda boxes. Having departed from the traditional in so far as to elect a woman mayor, Tilling demands a mayoress—no mayor has ever been without his mayoress in Tilling—Lucia chooses her most feared rival for the post, in so doing hoping to squelch her malignant possibilities but she has reckoned without her mayoress and "thereby hangs a tale."

Intrigue piles on intrigue, daggers lurk in smiling endearments, vindictiveness in retaliatory loving kindnesses. Poor George—Lucia's much overshadowed husband—wary of the self-importance of his mate, indulges mentally, at any rate, in a milk-and-water affair with a former lady love. Through it all the story pursues its way, unhurried and unhurrying, till Lucia's triumphant exit—a book of wry humor, at no time loud laughterish.

With deft craftsmanship and in inimitable caricaturish quality E. F. Benson touches off the would-be elite of Tilling in their petty schemings for social ascendancy, their literary and artistic leanings, the little craftinesses that absorb their days, their mental evasions and dishonesties. One visit from a highlight of the outside world is sufficient to set Tilling women off on the quest of youth through applied ruby lips and rosy cheeks and perpetually raised eyebrows.

"Trouble for Lucia" is thoroughly and entirely E. F. Bensonish.

More Heavenly Fun

WHEN a typical cockney with a highly realistic outlook on life finds that he is a medium, things are likely to happen, and when he is the specially favored medium of literary lights of the past there is likely to be a certain hilarious quality to the happenings. This is exactly the position Albert Pawsey finds himself occupying in Alan Griffiths' "Authors in Paradise." Dean Swift, thinking that the world is waiting for a sequel to Gulliver's Travels which he wishes published in his name under the title of "The Return of Gulliver," first gets hold of him in his mediumistic capacity. How Albert Pawsey steals the book, attempts to publish it under the assumed name of Stanton Menzies, finds it rejected by two publishers as

any ordinary manuscript might be and accepted by the third, are incidents that make good telling. When Swift gets in touch with Pawsey again, he arraigns him for his theft in no uncertain terms. However, our cockney Albert is no whit behind the Dean in the fervor of his reply. He is defended, too, by other literary spirits who are all anxious for posthumous fame through his efforts. Only Shakespeare is indifferent as to what name is used over his work. "The play's the thing," he says. "You can ascribe it to me, to yourself—why, yes, even to a Mr. Bacon."

George Meredith conducts a lottery which Wagner wins. The unfortunate Pawsey has then to attempt a new opera in which, besides other stupendous effects, 500 trombones are used with ludicrous results. The story reaches a high point of hilarity when Pawsey, after lecturing for his three minutes before an upish literary club on the subject of Meredith, finds it was George Meredith about whom he was supposed to talk and not the international footballer.

As light literature "Authors in Paradise" is alive with something of the ribaldry of Thorne Smith and a happy facility of phrase that is altogether the author's own. Swift's "Of all the bugs that ever bit this world the greatest is the humbug" and the author's description of Stanton Menzies' mind as a "mad Paschendale of conflict" are but examples.

Authors, publishers, readers even, are all satirized in this delightfully satirical book. Very definite "haw haws" and quite audible chortles reward the turn of each page. "Authors in Paradise" is a bit of mad nonsense that will not easily be dislodged from the reader's memory.

"The Sacred Falls" as also Mark Channing's earlier book, "India Mosaic," is a tale of India that sympathetically and understandingly presents the life of its peasant folk. It opens slowly with much detailed description of Indian village life and domestic relationships, developing its plot around the workings of the Indian Civil Service and the religious prejudices of the peasants. The government wishes to use the Himavati Falls—held sacred by the peasants—in an irrigation scheme that will end the recurrent droughts and subsequent famines that afflict the district. Propaganda, here as elsewhere, is the weapon at hand to attain their end but the village money-lender and other influential people consider the scheme contrary to their interests and inflame the easily aroused religious scruples of the peasants almost to riotous opposition. Against them and fighting for the right—which Mr. Channing never allows the reader to forget—are a benevolent Scots deputy commissioner, thinly disguised dictator of the district—and Risdar-Major Farid Khan, a tower of strength, good living and example to



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THE LONDON LETTER

They Took Their Holidays, Anyway

London, Aug. 21.

BY P.O'D.

ONE hears a good deal about the "War of Nerves." Apparently there is such a thing being waged just now. It may even, by the time this Letter gets into print, have developed into something much more serious. But, so far as the contest is limited to nerves, there is in my mind no doubt at all as to which side is winning the war—by streets and streets!

While the thunder is rolling over Eastern Europe and millions of men are on the march—oh, just the usual autumn "manoeuvres," of course!—about half the population of this country is on holiday. Something like 20,000,000 people are travelling by rail alone this month, and more than 40,000 extra trains have had to be put on to carry them.

All this in spite of Herr Hitler and Dr. Goebbels! In spite also of the Spread-Over Campaign, of which so much was heard last spring. Politicians, editors, railway heads, hotel-keepers, all sorts of eminent and earnest persons issued pleas and warnings to the public to take its holidays early or take them late—take them any time, in fact, but not all in the month of August, as is the good old British custom.

Apparently the reformers accomplished nothing whatever. Trains, hotels, beaches and holiday resorts the country round are as crowded as ever—perhaps a little more crowded. One can only conclude that people in this country really like being crowded. And nobody is going to talk or scare them out of it. So far as they are concerned, August is the holiday month, and they take their holidays in August even if they have to sleep in

the bathroom or the coal-cellar and eat out of paper bags.

Austere and anxious souls may feel that this is a very frivolous and irresponsible spirit in which to face a great international crisis. But austere persons who feel that way have probably never spent a fortnight in a British seaside boarding-house in August. If they ever did they would know that it is the finest possible training for war. After you have fought your way through a few days of it, a mere battle becomes a joke. Heaven help the Germans when the levies from Margate and Blackpool come charging among them!

Pleasant Story

Just 100 years ago a young Englishman sailed a small schooner up a river in Borneo. It was hardly more than a yacht, and had, in fact, formed part of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Its owner and captain was a former officer of the Bengal Army, who had taken part in the first Burma War, and been wounded so seriously as to have to give up his commission.

Being a man of some means—he had inherited £30,000 from his father's estate—he might have lived a comfortable life at home. But the East had laid its spell upon him, and here he was poking about the notoriously dangerous waterways of the Borneo jungle.

Dayak pirates had an evil name. But the young explorer was in luck. The local governor, or Raja Muda, was a friendly soul—made all the more friendly, no doubt, by the fact that he had a rebellion on his hands

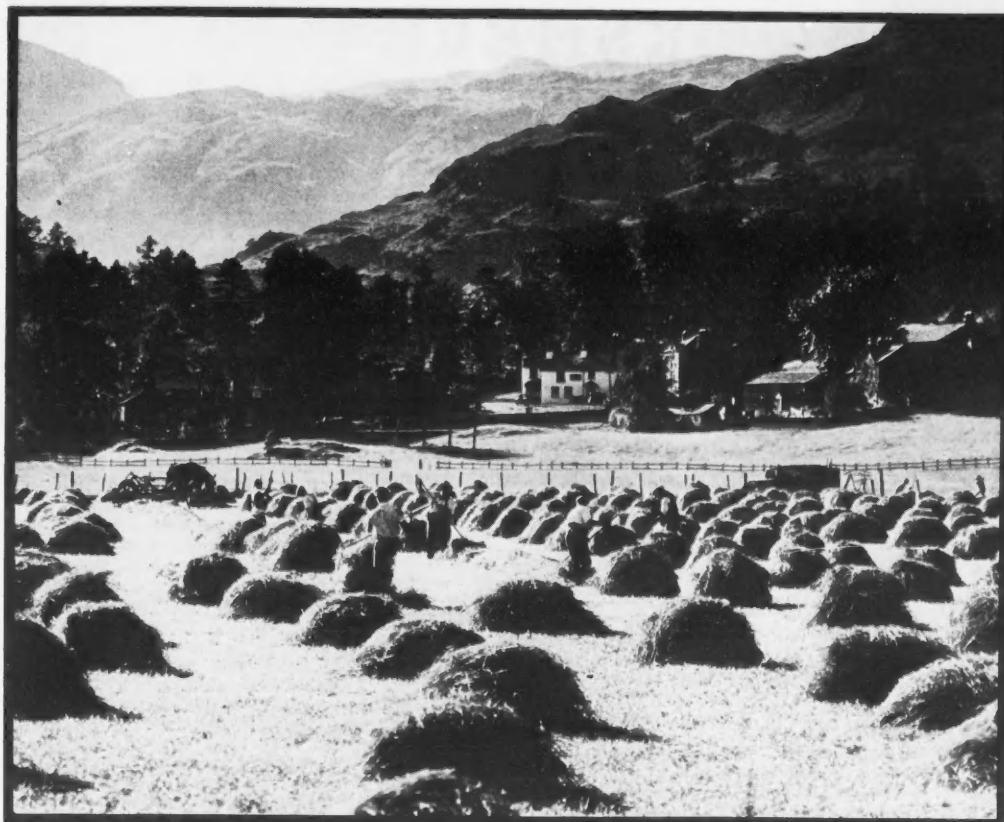
and needed help. He was so frightened that he offered to make the Englishman governor of the province, if only he would stay and run it. The Englishman settled the rebellion, and so became Raja in his place.

Thus did James Brooke come to Sarawak, to find himself ruler of a territory about the size of the County of Yorkshire, with powers of life and death over a population of Dayaks and Malays and Chinese—a little more than 10,000 in all. His overlord was the Sultan of Brunei, to whom he paid an annual tribute of £500. But later on the independence of Sarawak was recognized.

Brooke immediately got to work. He put down the head-hunting, which was the curse of the country. He helped to clear the neighboring seas of pirates. He built roads. He introduced missions and schools. He began the system of efficient, honest, and humane administration, which has been ably continued by his successors, and which has made Sarawak one of the most prosperous and contented communities in the islands of the East. It is a really wonderful story.

A Brooke is still Raja of Sarawak—Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, the third of his line. He is the autocratic ruler of a country about the size of England and Wales, with a population of 500,000 and more. And this increase has been gained, not by conquest but by treaty, be it understood. It has been a tribute to wise and firm government. When foreign propagandists write of the violence and rapacity with which Englishmen have spread their rule in the world, this is a pleasant story to remember. It helps to explain a lot.

Painters, like poets and musicians



NOT ALL OF ENGLAND is digging trenches, wearing gas masks or manning defences. In the beautiful Lake district rural life proceeds at the placid pace of centuries ago as shown in this remarkably fine photograph taken at Elterwater in the Langdale Valley.

and the other irritable tribes of art, are difficult fellows to please. If you praise their work, you are almost certain to say the wrong thing. If you hang their pictures—in an exhibition, I mean—you are more likely than not to select the wrong ones. And if you decide that the only safe course is to

do nothing and say nothing—well then, of course, you are a soulless Philistine.

The town of Bury St. Edmunds, for instance, decided recently to do honor to Mr. A. J. Munnings, the famous painter of horses, by holding an exhibition of his work. He is regarded as

a local boy, having been born somewhere near, and Bury St. Edmunds is very proud of him. So they gathered together some fifty of his paintings from various collections, and invited him down to have a look at the show.

Was Mr. Munnings pleased and flattered by this recognition in his hometown? Not so far as anyone was able to notice! He said the exhibition was a disgrace, badly framed, badly hung, and composed almost entirely of the pictures he had been trying for years to forget. Pleasant, that last bit, for the people who had bought them, and presumably paid quite handsome prices for them! And he refused flatly to attend the formal opening.

"I could not trust myself to be there," he said, "without shouting out my protest. We are prone to forget our worst performances and remember only the best, but I am not allowed to forget. Having blushed once at my youthful efforts, I now have to blush again."

As I remarked before, they are not easy fellows to please. But perhaps the City Fathers of Bury St. Edmunds don't really care. They have had a wonderful lot of publicity. People may go just to see how bad the pictures really are. Besides, it is most unlikely that they are as bad as Mr. Munnings says. Painters are not always the best judges of their own work.

Craftsman

Talking of artists, one died last week in London whose work and career take one's mind back to the days of the great mediaeval craftsmen. He was Omar Ramsden, the goldsmith and silversmith. Nowadays most work of this sort is a mere matter of pouring metal into moulds, or pressing it out from the sheet. But this man hammered and chiselled it as Benvenuto Cellini himself might have done. And he was an artist fully worthy of the great tradition he represented.

Ramsden was a Yorkshireman, born in Sheffield, who spent his youth abroad, but returned to England to devote himself to the revival of the almost lost art of the English ceremonial goldsmith. The beauty of his

THE MODERN MARINER

FIND Noah, quick, and get the Ark's dimensions; Bring Alfred, he who started Britain's fleet; Get every able man with sea intentions, And bring a row-boat for yourself, my sweet; It's past the stage of water-wings, that's certain,— Our son just took a shower . . . without the curtain!

A. W. GEO. HALL.

designs and workmanship made him world-famous. Indeed many of his pieces are regarded as among the very finest in existence.

Most of his work was done for memorial and presentation purposes—for Royalty, for various cathedrals, for the City Companies, who have always been eager collectors of such treasures, and for colleges. The mazar bowl he made in 1937, to commemorate the fact that this country had had three kings in a year, is said to be among the world's greatest masterpieces in pure gold. It was he also who made the alms dish in silver-gilt, which was presented by King George V to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. His work for cathedrals in different parts of the world has long been famous.

In this day of mass-production, of quick and easy results, there is something very pleasing, almost inspiring, in the thought of this great craftsman patiently working out his beautiful designs with tools and methods that have hardly changed since the days of the Pharaohs. There are still things that cannot be made by machines.

A NEW KIND OF BATTERY

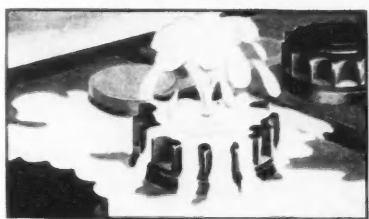
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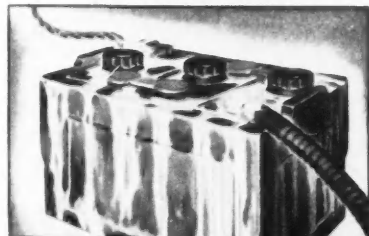
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Whenever a service man can't see the level of the battery solution he may accidentally over-fill your battery. Such "blindfold filling" results in dangerous corrosion because the excess electrolyte surges up through the vents in the top of the battery and attacks the wiring and exposed metal parts of the car.

Now Willard's famous "H-R" battery is built with a new and unique construction (called Safety-Fill) that gives positive protection against this dangerous over-filling and the corrosion that is bound to follow.

Built to last 68% longer than the average of 100 other brands—having "power-house" performance with tremendous reserve capacity—and now equipped with "Safety-Fill"—the "H-R" is the battery "buy" of the year. Have your Willard Dealer show you this exclusive new battery that simply can't drink too much.

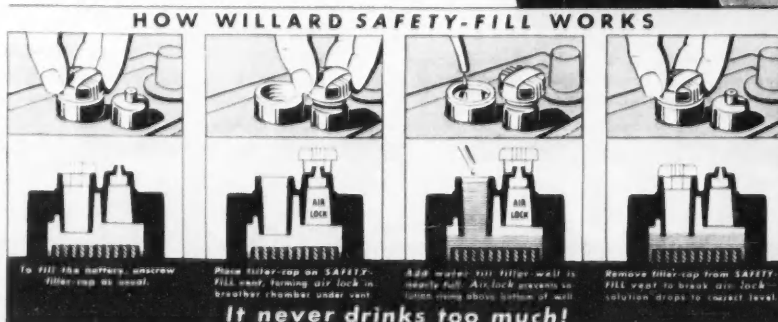
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Safety for
the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1939

P. M. Richards,
Financial Editor

All Systems Have Led to War-Time Control

BY W. A. McKAGUE

Varied political philosophies have brought their peoples to a common condition—where personal property and liberty are sacrificed to the state.

But what may come, under the extremes of war or a prolonged crisis, can be more favorable to the investor than that which he has experienced in recent years, because a nation in war can not afford any movement subversive to production and savings.

THE most amazing feature of the political scene, looking behind the headlines, is the way in which social philosophies, supposedly as far apart as the poles, have brought their respective nations to an identical goal, namely, an armed camp with the government in control of every phase of the nation's life.

This situation suggests nothing but gloom to the worker and the investor alike, both of whom are in process of being crushed by the mailed fist. How puny now appears to be the ancient struggle between labor and capital, and how futile all our recent attempts at social uplift, as we watch the interests of all being slowly but surely devoured by the god of war which through all ages has been the most bitter enemy of the people of every land.

Starvation, superstition, religious persecution, disease—these are the ogres which have slowly but surely been chained by the spread of science and education. But not so the juggernaut of war, which is made in man's own image, and to which he still offers himself as a living sacrifice. This is the public enemy which has survived all of our progress, and which now enrolls all political philosophies and systems under the death's head which is its banner. It therefore seems that the real issue, in present as in bygone days, is between peoples, and not between their social creeds.

Conflict of Theories

This conflict of political theories started when the reds, after decades of undercover work, broke through the upper crust of Russian imperialism. That just about coincided with the end of the world war, and it was one of the colossal tragedies of that great struggle "to make the world safe for democracy" that it should invest with the machinery of a mighty state a movement which was avowedly aimed at world revolution.

For at least a decade after the war, the "red menace" was accepted as the one serious threat to the world. It inspired the anti-Comintern pact under the shelter of which Germany and Italy armed and ultimately allied themselves with Japan. The red movement invaded France and Spain, but as its home responsibilities increased in weight, its foreign propaganda decreased.

So the anti-red powers were released as a new aggressive force in the world's affairs, and that brings us right up to the present day, with a startling epilogue in the form of a Russo-German *approchement* and the inevitable alienation of Japan from the alliance, and a weakening in the bonds between Germany on the one hand and Spain and Italy on the other.

And while this has been going on the spectre of a "yellow peril" has been turned into a burlesque, with the yellow men cutting one another's throats in the far east.

Democracy's Retreat

What progress has been made by the democracy which was saved in the last war? Nothing but a retreat, even a rout, when we see the very foundation stones of democracy torn up in order that we may hastily build a structure that will be just as warlike, and just as little democratic, as are the soviets, or the national socialists, or the orientals.

By a strange perversion of fate, the "democratic" powers have to lay aside, for the time being, the last vestiges of democracy, in order that they may preserve it for the future. With each struggle in the name of that noble principle, we find ourselves farther and farther removed from its practice. Private property and personal liberty, which were fundamental planks in the original democratic plan, are certainly in process of being abandoned.

Of course it may be argued, and in fact it is argued, that private property and personal liberty are not essential to democracy, the essence of which is that so long as the people are in control, they can govern themselves in any way they choose, and that choice may include a decision to entrust the job of production to the state, and to regiment its citizens.

This is a perversion of logic, however, like the claim that a self-governing people may, in the true exer-

cise of their democratic principles, vote themselves into the hands of an absolute dictatorship!

If that means the abandonment of democracy, then surely there is some point in the middle ground, where the balance of power swings from the side of the people to the side of the state, and which may truly be said to be the real dividing line between self-government and its opposing systems.

Definition is Academic

The precise definition of democracy can remain an academic question. That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Those who want state control will probably welcome it in the guise of democracy, while those who cherish personal liberty will probably accept its preservation, or its return, under any name.

It is the content and not the name, that will govern our industries and our investments, as well as every other phase of our existence. And through the needs of the state, we are being weaned from these, just as the worker is being shorn of the hire of which he used to be deemed so worthy, at a quicker pace than ever before.

So we find ourselves the pawns of an all-devouring state, just as do the citizens of Russia, or of Germany, or Japan, the difference being that we have tucked away a promise to re-govern ourselves in the next golden age of peace, while they look ahead to nothing but lasting servitude to whatever may be their political gods, with the further important difference that we have a margin of private wealth and liberty which is still substantial though rapidly diminishing, but part of which conceivably may survive for the gratification of the individual.

It is a notable fact that the nations, whatever their political creeds, retain some of the machinery for popular control, even though it be reduced to an empty shell.

The soviets comprise a complete electoral system, local, provincial and national, but it is the party that governs. Germany still has its Reichstag, if only to hear what the Nazi body has decided. Even the United States of America retains its congress and its constitution, though reports have it that the administration has assumed the real reins of government.

Decisions by Executive

France suffered such pangs from the birth of its popular front and the conflict of a multitude of parties that it has virtually abandoned them all for the rule of administrative decree. In Britain also the centre of interest has changed from the mother of parliaments to Number 10 Downing Street, and out here in Canada we already talk about a national government which would be sufficiently representative of all groups to relieve us of the burden of bothering about our elected members.

These nominal tributes to the forms of self-government are encouraging to the democrat (of whatever brand) in that they tacitly admit the right of the people to some kind of ulterior control or consent. But they are most discouraging also, when we see how thoroughly the elected bodies, even in our most democratic countries, have to surrender the real decisions to the executive, whenever the issues demand real decisions. Whatever harm may come to us by a war or a prolonged series of crises, there may be enough temporary abandonment of small politics to permit of solution of the railway problem, and the eternal squabble over Dominion versus provincial rights, and some other matters that have stifled our Canadian growth.

But in all lands and under all political creeds we can definitely see, in the need for the preservation of industry and financial power, a tendency which is more favorable to the investor, than what we have been experiencing on this continent in recent years.

In fact, scarcely anything could be conceived of, that would be more injurious to all classes than has been the down-with-capital, down-with-profits, program prosecuted in the name of sharing the wealth, and



DAUGHTER TOO. Deputy Commander J. Vereker, daughter of Viscount Gort, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, leads her battalion on parade at Cowshot Camp. Note that the women have adopted the "three's" formation.

which so often stood ready to destroy production and enterprise, in order that it might level down where it failed to level up.

That kind of a program could "take" only where there were substantial fortunes and surplus incomes accumulated over a period of capitalist expansion. In an impoverished nation, or any one which is faced with a war-time economy, no such destructive force can be permitted to operate. Production must be stimulated, and savings encouraged.

Production for Profit

We can not foretell what adjustments may follow, nor indeed can we visualize much of the detail of the war-time economy itself, but we can be very sure of these points: Whatever degree of control there may be, and whatever rate of profit may be deemed adequate, there will be a rapid restoration of production for profit, and an abandonment of the theory that capital should be hounded into working for nothing.

And whatever methods of war finance may be used, there will be, once again as of old, a patriotic campaign to obtain subscriptions to war bonds or notes which will undertake to pay to the thrifty some kind of compensation for the use of their savings.

Taxation is never equal to the task of financing a major war, because it

can never be exhaustive enough. It has to be supplemented by a round-up of the additional purchasing power arising from the sacrifices of individuals who forego personal buying in order that the government may divert that much more of the output to its own needs.

In any such program—call it production for use, or planned production, or whatever we will—there must be a balancing of the importance of each industry as against others, and provision for the maintenance of every one at an efficient pitch. That necessitates prices which will cover depreciation and depletion as well as direct production costs, and that will be a much better result than has been attained by some industries under the depression and tax-harassed conditions of recent years.

It will also preclude wage movements designed to exhaust the surplus earnings of an industry at the expense of its capital. In short, it forces once again the recognition of capital as an essential in production, and of earnings on capital as an essential in distribution.

Totalitarian Philosophy

That brings us near—let us say perilously near—to the philosophy of the totalitarian state, which views each industry and each class of worker, not as species of private enter-

(Continued on Page 13)

Democratic Strength Upset Hitler Plan

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

Until August the main instrument of Hitler's policy was the anti-Comintern pact, ostensibly aimed at Soviet Russia but really designed to further the undermining of the positions of Britain and France by the coalition composed of Germany, Italy and Japan. Considerable progress was made in this direction.

But the extraordinary economic, moral and political recovery of France from the internal chaos existing less than a year ago, together with British rearmament on a really great scale and a clarification of the British mind after Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia, upset the Hitler policy and led on to the extraordinary developments of the past fortnight.

WHEN Hitler sent Ribbentrop to Moscow, he scrapped something much more important than the anti-Comintern and anti-Russian pages of "Mein Kampf." He scrapped the strategic plan with which he has hitherto won his diplomatic victories. The Soviet agreement is a decisive turning point in his career in that from now on, if there is a war, he must fight a radically different war than he had planned to fight, if there is a continuation of the armed diplomatic struggle, his tactics will have to be radically revised.

For whatever the immediate outcome, whether it be a European war or the white war of pressure and intimidation and propaganda, the great fact is that in August, 1939, Hitler was forced to abandon his older allies and seek a new ally in Russia. If we can understand the reasons which compelled him to alter his whole plan of action, we shall have, I believe, the main strategic clue to the immediate future, to the war if there is a war, or to the diplomatic struggle which is the only alternative to war.

Anti-Comintern

Until the month of August the main instrument of Hitler's foreign policy has been the anti-Comintern pact which provided for common action by Germany, Italy, and Japan, with various small states, such as Franco's Spain and Hungary, as junior partners. Ostensibly this pact was aimed at Soviet Russia.

But in reality, as shown by the acts of Germany, Italy and Japan, the pur-

pose of the coalition was to keep Russia neutralized and isolated while the three partners undermined the position of Great Britain and France in Europe, in the Mediterranean, in northern Africa and the Near East, in China and the far Pacific.

The anti-Comintern partners denounced Russia. But, except for sporadic frontier fighting by the Japanese in Asia, they never attacked Russia; on the other hand, their every important move since 1936 has been directed against the outposts of the Anglo-French power in the world. From 1936 until after Munich in 1938 the campaign was brilliantly successful; Britain and France had lost all their allies in Europe and they were threatened with a simultaneous attack in Europe, in the Mediterranean, and in Asia.

Plan Collapsed

A few months ago the position was such that the anti-Comintern partners could look forward to a time when Britain and France would be so weakened by their strategic losses in Central Europe, in Spain, in the Moslem world, and in the Orient, that they could be forced without war to surrender their position as great powers and agree to a new order of things in the world arranged by the dictation of Hitler and his partners.

This was the plan of campaign until the spring and summer of this year. The collapse and failure of this plan has forced Hitler to alter quickly and radically his whole strategy in diplomacy and in war.

The turning point was, it now appears, November of last year. The French, threatened by the general strike and by financial chaos at home, and by Italian demonstrations against Tunis, Corsica and Savoy, suddenly pulled themselves together and achieved an extraordinarily impressive moral, political, and economic recovery.

This was followed by British rearmament on a really great scale and by a clarification of the British mind after Hitler's seizure of Prague and Mussolini's seizure of Albania. The effect of the restoration of Anglo-French power revolutionized the diplomatic position in Europe.

As France and Britain gathered strength, they recruited allies. For small states can join only the stronger powers. They won Poland, which was on the other side at Munich; they kept Rumania from submitting to Germany; they have probably prevented Yugoslavia, and perhaps even Hungary from capitulating; they have won Greece and Turkey; they have made it necessary for Spain, and possible for General Franco, to be neutral; they have kept Portugal within their system; they have arrested, and probably reversed the movement in the Moslem world from Morocco to Arabia.

Italy a Liability

The net result of these Anglo-French successes has been to make Italy a military liability rather than an asset for Germany. With Spain neutral, Yugoslavia doubtful, Turkey and Greece in the other camp, and the Moslems neutral and probably loyal to France, Italy is in mortal peril. Italy is virtually an island lying in a sea where the Anglo-French alliance has a preponderance of three, and probably four, to one. With the Germans fighting a war on two fronts, at least until they have conquered Poland, Italy has faced, perhaps still faces, a devastating attack.

The one hope for Italy was Japan. If Japan could draw the fire of the British to the Far East, Italy might have hoped to survive until the Germans were free to send help. The Japanese attack on Britain in the Far East was, therefore, of critical importance. But it failed. For the British were shrewd enough not to let themselves be distracted by the manoeuvre. They endured the humiliation and the losses. Then at the critical moment, the United States with the approval of both political parties intervened by threatening Japan with an embargo.

(Continued on Page 13)

THE BUSINESS FRONT

War and Business

BY P. M. RICHARDS

CANADA is equipped to give Britain and the cause of democracy enormously more potent support in a new war than she did in the last, great though her contribution was then. Whether or not Canada sends a big army abroad, her greatest value this time is likely to be as a provider of essential supplies. She will furnish, in large measure, the sinews of war. Not merely guns, shells, airplanes and other tools for fighting itself, but food, clothing, lumber, essential minerals and a hundred and one other commodities which will be required in abundance to sustain the civilian populations of Britain and France, supply the material needs of their industries and support the armies in the field.

The condition of permanent over-production of wheat and other primary products which has harassed us ever since the last war, when production capacities were so greatly expanded, will vanish overnight. There will be need for virtually all that Canada can produce, in food, in manufactures and in raw materials. But there will be a big job to be done in the co-ordination of productive effort, so that production may proceed as efficiently and speedily as possible with the least possible waste of capital and man-power and time.

For before this new war is over, our productive resources, enormous though they are, may be strained to the uttermost. And waste and inefficiency at the outset will increase the cost of the war, to be borne not only by us but by generations yet to come.

Experience Valuable

The experiences of the last war should be very valuable to us in another. One product of past experience is sure to be the institution of a large and broad degree of government control from the beginning of the new conflict. And this control will extend to virtually all agencies of war-time effort. Business and financial interests who, for years past, have fought against the encroachments of governmental influence and restriction over private enterprise with such insistence will now have to accept authoritarian control with the best grace possible, hoping only that individualism will not be permanently submerged. And this is a hope that all may well hold, as otherwise there will be little gain even in victory.

Conceivably we might emerge from another great war to find that many of our present problems had disappeared and that another set of problems had

taken their place. War transportation needs may be expected to result in some measure of unified operation of the two main systems at an early date, and after the war we might merely perpetuate some scheme by then proven efficacious. Concentration of control of operations in other fields might also pave the way for reduction in the number and scope of existing governmental bodies. Sectional disunities and conflicts, now so serious a barrier to national progress, should disappear under the unifying influences of war. But we cannot hope to emerge from war without a large increase in our already huge public debt, and it seems highly probable that we shall also be confronted with a permanent extension of the field of operations of government.

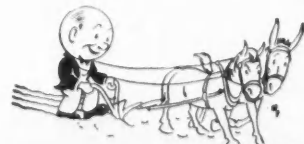
The Real Issue

In entering upon this new world struggle—if, indeed, it materializes—it is very important that we do not lose sight of the real issue, which is whether we are to retain our democratic system of individualism and self-government or submit to authoritarian dictatorship and regimentation. Shall we exist only to serve the state, or the state to serve us? Hitler is our enemy because he is the chief agent of a system which we abhor, but our fight is primarily against that system. The fact that we shall have to adopt some of its methods in order to fight efficiently must not blind us to its viciousness.

The slogans used in the last war, about fighting "a war to end war" and "making the world safe for democracy," apply much more forcefully now. These are the ends we fight for, and must attain. War is a survival from the past, and as out-of-date as the feudal system. We must fight to destroy it, as the North destroyed slavery in the Civil War. And democratic government must not perish merely because it is a less efficient system of government than autocracy. Admittedly it is, but efficiency is not the criterion.

Democratic government is government by the people, designed to benefit the people. It is clumsy and slow and makes many mistakes, but it works, proof of which is the persistent advancement of peoples under it. Autocratic government, on the other hand, is only a vehicle by which an individual or a group impose their will on the people under them, to advance their own ends. Through the centuries it has been a check to social progress.

In this new war we shall, in truth, be fighting to preserve freedom. There could be no better reason for fighting.



Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
ASSETS EXCEED \$69,000,000

Vol. 54, No. 45 Whole No. 242

TO DECEIVE INVADING BOMBING PLANES. Many buildings all over England have been in the hands of the camouflage artists who work all kinds of gay designs and scenes on them. They have just finished the cooling tower of the Leicester Electricity Works and at close quarters they appear to be like gigantic ornamental vases, yet to raiding planes at 5,000 feet they pass un-

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Directed by Charles J. Collins

700 UNION GUARDIAN BLDG

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

\$1.37 in 1937. Dividends in 1938 amounted to 55 cents per share as compared with \$1.10 per share in 1937.

this year. The Hearst obligation to Lake St. John which stood at \$1,286,758 at the end of 1938, has been reduced somewhat during the current year, with further reductions dependent upon an improvement in the financial position of the Hearst organization.

ACADIA SUGAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been reading your comment on Acadia Sugar Refineries and its sale to Anglo-Dutch Refineries and would like to know if you have any further information. I have been told that Atlantic Sugar Refineries is behind the deal. Can you inform me as to whether this is true or not? Any information you have will be appreciated.

—W. J. D., Toronto, Ont.

At the recent meeting held by the common and preferred shareholders of Acadia Sugar only a small vote was recorded against the offer of an unidentified group to buy the company; and a second meeting has been called for September 13 to confirm the resolution which was approved on August 28 in Halifax.

I understand that the report that Atlantic Refineries was back of the purchase offer is without foundation and that those who will purchase Acadia Sugar are not even in the sugar refining business.

McWATTERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:
Would McWatters mine be a ver
safe investment?

—W. J. P., Perth, Ont.

Shares of McWatters Gold Mine are a speculation, not a "very safe investment," but I think they definitely have speculative appeal. Profitability

(Continued on Next Page)

Dividend Notices

DIVIDEND

Chartered Trust and
Executor Company

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of Chartered Trust and Executor Company for the quarter ending September 30th, 1939, payable October 2nd, 1939, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15th, 1939.

By Order of the Board.

E. W. McNEILL,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto, August 17th, 1939.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Famous Players
Canadian Corporation
LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on all issued Common shares of the Company without nominal or par value, payable on Saturday, the 30th day of September, 1939, to shareholders of record, Friday, the 15th day of September, 1939.

By order of the Board.

THOS. J. BRAGG,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Dated at Toronto, this 30th day of August, 1939.

GOLD & DROSS

(Continued from Page 12)

production has been maintained but the outlook is now greatly improved by ore developments in the No. 4 shearing on the 775 and 900-foot levels.

This shearing has been proven to extend from above the 775-foot horizon to the 1,200-foot floor, a vertical distance of 450 feet and a width of around 15 feet, which is expected to grade about \$12. Results of developments on the three new levels will determine whether or not present mill capacity of 100 tons daily will be doubled.

Production in the second quarter of 1939 was \$105,592, as compared with \$95,239 in the first quarter and \$102,940 in the same period last year.

STEEL ROCK IRON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have your opinion re Steel Rock Iron shares as a speculation at the current market price, also something on the financial set-up of the company.

—B. W., Port Arthur, Ont.

Steel Rock Iron shares appear an interesting speculation. There is re-

ported indicated an immense tonnage of hematite ore of a high grade and in now remains for underground development to prove the dimensions of the main ore body and grade. The company holds 15 miles of what is regarded as favorable formation and it is expected ore bodies will



A. F. BAILLIE, Vice-President, Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co., Ltd., who has been elected to the board of Dominion Textile Co., Ltd.
—Photo by "Who's Who in Canada".

be located at other points. It is not anticipated there will be any unusual difficulties in bringing the property into production and the indicated grade of the ore should make for a profitable operation.

The company which was incorporated last February is capitalized at 5,000,000 shares of which 2,925,005 are issued. An offering of 375,000 shares at \$1 per share recently was oversubscribed, and previous to this the company sold 50,000 shares at 80 cents each. No trouble is anticipated in financing operations and I understand American iron concerns have been anxious to take a financial interest in the undertaking.

CANADIAN CAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some Canadian Car & Foundry preferred stock and am getting discouraged. Would you advise me to sell? Or do you think the stock worth hanging on to?

—P. F. G., Regina, Sask.

I think I would continue to hold my Canadian Car preferred stock if I were you, for I think that the potentialities of the company's aircraft and miscellaneous divisions lend it long-range appeal.

The aircraft division has enough orders on hand to ensure it of capacity operations over a long period and in addition, production of airplanes for the Mexican government, in Mexico, is just under way. Railroad orders have been very poor but if the present traffic activity is maintained on Canadian railroad systems there is every possibility of a bulk of orders, possibly for 1940 delivery. Cash position will be considerably augmented by the favorable decision in the company's damage suit against the German government although Canadian Car will receive only a fraction of its \$6,000,000 claim. Resumption of dividends on the preferred may be deferred for a considerable time yet, however.

KELROWE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me what you think of Kelrowe. Also outline any development work that has been done on the property.

—H. D. T., Notch Hill, B.C.

Kelrowe Gold Mines is still in the prospect stage. The present program calls for underground development, a contract having been let to sink a shaft to 325 feet and establish two levels. Considerable encouragement has been secured from surface exploration and diamond drilling so far completed. In one section five holes drilled along a length of 300 feet indicated an average of \$12.22 over a core length of 8½ feet. Four drill holes on a parallel structure along a length of 250 feet averaged \$5.83 over 8½ feet and the underground work now started is to explore these two zones. In another section, 2,750 feet to the west, seven holes drilled along a length of 250 feet averaged \$22.30 over five feet and other intersections of ore grade were also indicated in drilling.

KNUTSON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Would you kindly tell me what you know about the Knutson Mining Corporation: where is it, what is the price, and what are the prospects?

—A. L., Valleyfield, Que.

Knutson Mining Corp. was formed in 1937 to develop two groups of claims in the Larder Lake area of Ontario. Seventeen claims were in Hearst township and nine in McGarry township. A group in McVittie township, in the same area, was later acquired and the company holds 155,192 shares of Sheldon Larder Mines.

Trenching and sampling of the Schoolhouse group in McVittie township is proceeding with encouraging results. It was reported last month that the No. 1 vein had been cross-trenched for 280 feet and some extension north has been stripped. Sampling five trenches at 20-foot intervals has returned an average of \$8.78 per ton across 5.9 feet for a length of 80 feet and both ends were said to be open. A new vein was discovered last month 75 feet east of the No. 1 and a rock trench averaged \$19.85 across 4.3 feet. It is planned to follow up this work with a diamond drilling campaign.

I understand shares have been sold at 20 and 25 cents but I am unable to ascertain what you would have to pay for the stock.

All Systems Have Led to
War-Time Control

(Continued from Page 11)

prise, but rather as assets to the nation, to be valued according to what they can do for the latter rather than for what they can do for the individual owners or workers.

But it is the supreme goal of functional organization, and it may be reached via the democratic route just as easily as by the totalitarian or the soviet route. And that is why the red shirts of the communists, the black shirts of the fascists, the brown shirts of the Nazis, and the white shirts of the democrats, today find themselves on ground that is much in common, having arrived at the cross roads by widely separated routes, but headed as yet they know not where.

What could be gained by crushing the Polish Army if he had then to defend a new military frontier somewhere in Italy, perhaps even on the Austrian and Yugoslav border?

With Spain neutral, Japan checked in Asia, Italy in jeopardy, the anti-Comintern pact was of no further use to Hitler. He had to turn to Soviet Russia. With Russia against him, he was isolated and certain to be starved into submission. With Russia on his side, or even as a neutral upon whom he could draw for supplies, he can hope to withstand for a long time, conceivably forever, the British blockade.

Hitler on Defensive

Though Hitler is still capable of taking the offensive locally in Central Europe, in the larger view he is, for war or for peace, on the defensive. Unless by some mighty stroke he can crush the Anglo-French power, a thing which is possible but not probable, his position is much like that of Napoleon after Trafalgar. That is to say, he may be able to win battles and even campaigns but the chances are greatly against his being able to win the war. For in a long struggle landlocked power like Germany and Russia have never yet been able to outlast the powers that control the seas.

The Napoleonic experience reminds us that a struggle of this kind, whether it be by war or by war-like diplomacy, is likely to last a long time. What we are witnessing is a struggle between land power and sea power. The center of Hitler's power is the German Army. The center of the Allied power is the British Navy with its essential support in the French Army. Neither can strike directly at the other. Therefore the war or the diplomatic struggle is almost certain to be a long one.

The Antagonists

In the war or in the diplomatic struggle the two main protagonists will remain, the Anglo-French on the one side, the Germans on the other. Their allies will probably not all remain fixed in one coalition or the other. Russia has already changed sides once. In the Napoleonic wars she changed twice. Japan has probably changed. Sooner or later Italy will change or be forced to change.

In the Napoleonic wars, which lasted from 1793 to 1815, there were seven coalitions. Britain was in all of them except the first. Russia was against Napoleon in the first four, more or less on his side in the fifth, and against him in the sixth and seventh. The fighting was not continuous.

Seven treaties of peace were made and signed in the course of these wars, at Campo Formio in 1797, at Amiens in 1802, at Presbourg in 1805, at Tilsit in 1807, at Vienna in 1809, at Paris in 1814, at Vienna in 1815. Only the seventh treaty really marked the end of the struggle. Each of the others was only an armistice like Munich. For a struggle of this sort, in which the issue is the mastery of the Old World, can never end finally except by the complete defeat of one side or the other.

Everything we know of the situation today agrees with what history teaches us, that this is not the crisis of a few months, or even of a few years, but of a generation. Realizing that, it is the part of wisdom for Americans to take advantage of their relative security—to form their own policy very deliberately, to refuse to be confused by incidents, and to prepare very carefully and very thoroughly before taking any critical decision.

Our security lies in being effective, not in being excited or hurried, in starting nothing that we are not prepared to finish, in acting only when the whole force of a united people is behind the policy of government. For in this long struggle which began some years ago and will probably continue for years to come, a people which is so fortunate that it can act deliberately would be a fool to act hastily.

Democratic Strength Upset Plan

(Continued from Page 11)

The effect of that action was greater than was generally understood at the time. The United States is too strong for Japan. This made certain that Britain could keep her naval forces

concentrated against Italy. This made Italy a great liability for Hitler both in a military sense and psychologically. For what good would it do him to conquer Poland if at the same time Fascist Italy were conquered?

WE DISCUSS THIS WEEK

Abitibi

FOLLOWING the default of interest on the first mortgage bonds on June 1, 1932, Abitibi Power & Paper Company, Ltd., went into receivership. In September, 1932, G. T. Clarkson was appointed receiver and manager and has since been in active control of operations. Under the Winding-Up Act of the Dominion, a liquidator was appointed and R. S. McPherson now holds that office.

Since the company went into receivership, reorganization proposals have been advanced by the liquidator, the Bondholders Representative Committee, the Bondholders Defensive Committee, the Preferred Shareholders Protective Committee, Wood, Gundy & Company and Harrison & Company. Motions to call a meeting to vote on the liquidator's plan have been adjourned and not disposed of; some other plans have been discarded.

To date the plan of reorganization which has received the most attention is one which was proposed by H. J. Symington's Bondholders' Representative Committee. Under this plan, which was put forward on March 15, 1939, the assets of Abitibi Power & Paper would be sold to a new concern. At the sale, the committee would bid in the assets and satisfy the price by the surrender of deposited bonds and coupons and such cash as might be required to satisfy dissenting bondholders. The new company would have a capitalization of 1,930,680 shares, and would ask authority to issue up to \$10,000,000 of bonds, debentures or preferred stock to pay off non-depositing bondholders as well as provide necessary working capital to an amount not exceeding \$2,000,000.

Under this plan, present 7 per cent preferred shareholders would receive warrants to buy 12 shares of common stock at from \$36 per share prior to January 30, 1940, to \$41 per share prior to July, 1942, on which date the warrants would expire. Present 6 per cent preferred shareholders would receive warrants for 4 shares of common stock and common shareholders would receive warrants for one-tenth of a share of new common for each old share held, subject to the above-mentioned conditions.

Bondholders' Support

Currently the Symington Committee has on deposit over \$30,000,000 of a total bond issue of \$48,000,000 and we understand that a number of bondholders have signified their intention of lining up with the committee and depositing their bonds later on. No definite steps for the court sale of the company's assets have been announced and since the courts are closed for the summer, none can be taken until they re-open in the fall.

One characteristic of the foregoing proposal—which no counter-proposals until recently have possessed—is that it is workable: the burden of fixed charges placed upon the company is not too great a load for its demonstrated earnings' strength, and it contributes a satisfactory sum toward common shareholders' equity after fixed charges had been taken care of. Such a condition would give a flip to the market price of the stock and lend an appreciable market value to the warrants held by the creditors and shareholders. Objec-

tions to the plan are that it is ruthless and that beyond giving present junior security holders a chance to buy back into the company over a period of 3 years, it ignores their claims.

Most recent proposals have come from an independent and impartial committee composed of Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, former Premier of Ontario, former High Commissioner for Canada and president of the Crown Life Insurance Company; Thomas Bradshaw, president of the North American Life Insurance Company and Hon. Gordon W. Scott, chartered accountant of Montreal.

The New Plan

In brief, the plan adopts the proposals of the Bondholders' Protective Committee as regards the bondholders and would provide a 5 per cent share to the full par value of principal and accrued interest—\$48,300,000 and \$31,700,000, respectively. It also proposes a junior class of shares to represent \$50,000,000 in book assets, the shares to be allotted on an agreed basis to unsecured creditors and preferred and common shareholders. As well as carrying a dividend rate of 5 per cent, the preferred stock would have full voting power; the junior shares would have no par value and be entitled to dividends only after the 5 per cent dividend had been paid on the senior shares.

An estimate of Abitibi's potential earnings, made by Coverdale & Colpitts, a reputable firm of engineers, is \$5,510,000 per annum. This estimate—based on the sale of 500,000 tons of sulphite pulp—was reached base price, New York, plus 55,000 tons of sulphate pulp—was reached after allowing \$1,485,000 for depreciation and depletion and is exclusive of earnings of Provincial Paper; it makes no provision for idle plant costs or expenses in connection with Sturgeon Falls and gives no effect to possible cost reductions or economies.

Under the plan of the independent committee, interest charges on \$70,000,000 worth of 5 per cent stock would be \$3,500,000. Using the Coverdale & Colpitts estimate of \$5,510,000, there would then be \$1,510,000 available for the junior stock. However, only once since 1928 has net income approached either the engineers' estimates or the amount required under the independent plan: in 1929, when net was \$4,111,804.

It would seem that the final solution of the Abitibi problem lies somewhere between the proposals of the Bondholders' Representative Committee's plan and that of the independent committee. A solution under the Dominion Companies Act and the Dominion Companies Creditors' Arrangement Act would eliminate the necessity for the sale of senior securities to pay off non-assenting bondholders; would save expensive litigation that would be likely under the Representative Committee's plan; and it would preserve the bondholders' rights. Since the company has gone into receivership, it has benefited in one way at least: because net earnings have been ploughed back, net working capital has been piled up until it now totals \$8,097,567. That should be sufficient to put the company back on a sound operating basis, once the reorganization tangle is unwound.

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CONCERNING INSURANCE

Life Business in Sound Condition

BY GEORGE GILBERT

In times of stress and strain people naturally get to wondering about the safety of the savings they have placed with the life insurance companies for the purpose of providing protection for dependents or an income for themselves in old age.

There is no doubt that in the past life insurance in Canada has successfully weathered the vicissitudes of wars, epidemics and depressions, and has not failed to pay one hundred cents on the dollar of the face value of its contracts. The question is, whether it will be able to continue to do so whatever befalls in the future.

TO MAINTAIN their life insurance protection in force, the people of Canada last year paid no less a sum than \$198,648,864 to the life companies operating in this country under Dominion registry, while the additional amount of \$13,772,908 was paid by them to these companies as consideration for annuities, according to the Abstract Report of the Dominion Department of Insurance, recently published.

These premium payments were made to keep in force no fewer than 6,471,099 policies for a total of \$6,630,531,401 of life insurance. Of the total number of policies, 2,498,336 were ordinary policies for \$5,072,211,056 of life insurance; 3,970,187 were indus-

trial policies for a total of \$503,535,606; and 2,576 were group policies for a total of \$648,633,739.

During 1938 the total net amount of life insurance in force in Canada in these companies increased by \$88,006,355. The increase would have been substantially greater but for the transfer of about \$60,000,000 of business previously classed as life insurance in force in Canada. It mainly represents transfers to "business in force outside of Canada" of certain reinsurance hitherto included in the Canadian totals. It also represents transfers to "annuities" of contracts providing for combined insurance and annuity benefits or options.

Security Behind Contracts

What is the security afforded by these life insurance companies for the fulfilment of the contracts they have undertaken? Let us first consider the financial position of the Canadian life companies, as shown by Government figures. At the end of 1938 their total admitted assets were \$2,249,852,695, made up of: bonds and debentures, \$1,166,721,309; stocks, \$310,609,420; loans on real estate, \$300,718,174; policy loans, \$255,629,926; real estate, \$78,103,230; cash, \$42,415,482; real estate held under agreements of sale, \$21,539,612; loans on collaterals, \$154,386; other ledger assets, \$2,388,442; interest and rents due or accrued, \$30,061,397; outstanding or deferred premiums and annuity consideration, \$42,615,666; other non-ledger assets, \$97,691.

At the same date the total liabilities except capital of the Canadian companies amounted to \$2,178,512,642, and consisted of: Net reserve under contracts in force for payments not due, \$1,885,393,117; net liability for outstanding claims under contracts, \$15,004,024; provision for unreported claims, \$4,335,232; miscellaneous liability under contracts (consisting of amounts left with the companies at interest, advance payments of premiums and interest by policyholders, policy dividends due and unpaid, premium reductions on outstanding premiums, and surrender values claimable under contracts not in force), \$151,807,511; provision for profits to policyholders, \$46,504,114; shareholders' surplus and unpaid dividends, \$5,625,040; special reserve, \$41,283,332; staff benefit funds, \$13,553,741; borrowed money and bank overdrafts, \$159,900; all other liabilities, \$14,846,631.

Net Surplus

Thus the Canadian companies showed a surplus as regards policyholders at the end of 1938, according to Government figures, of \$71,340,053. As the paid up capital of the companies having capital stock amounted to \$11,281,228, there was accordingly a net surplus of \$60,058,825 over capital, policy reserves, special reserves, provision for profits to policyholders and all liabilities. Every company showed a surplus as regards policyholders, ranging from \$37,343 in the case of a small company to \$20,118,207 in the case of the largest Canadian company.

Total admitted assets in Canada of the British companies, as shown in the Abstract Report in connection with their life business in this country, were \$71,097,241, made up of: bonds and debentures, \$52,591,583; stocks, \$2,626,985; policy loans, \$3,847,118; loans on real estate, \$8,925,688; real estate, \$1,081,187; cash, \$921,823; real estate held under agreements of sale, \$15,563; loans on collaterals, \$13,510; interest and rents due or accrued, \$526,151; outstanding or deferred premiums and annuity consideration, \$516,587; all other assets, \$31,046.

Total liabilities in Canada of the British companies amounted to \$39,565,804, and consisted of: Net reserve under contracts in force for payments not due, \$38,247,387; net liability for outstanding claims under contracts, \$521,733; provision for unreported claims, \$10,578; miscellaneous liability under contracts, \$300,703; provision for profits to policyholders, \$134,715; special reserves, \$214,326; staff benefit funds, \$535; all other liabilities, \$135,917.

Surplus in Canada

Thus the British companies showed a surplus in Canada over all liabilities in Canada, including policy reserves, special reserves, provision for profits to policyholders, etc., of \$31,538,353. Every British company showed a surplus in Canada, ranging from \$52,976 in the case of one company to \$17,086,626 in the case of another company.

Total admitted assets in Canada of the United States companies were \$511,626,824, made up of: bonds and debentures, \$399,625,437; loans on real



P. H. KILVERT, who has been appointed agency supervisor of the Winnipeg branch office of the Great-West Life Assurance Company, along with C. L. Barker. Both Mr. Kilvert and Mr. Barker started in the business in the Winnipeg branch, one of the company's leading agencies, and both have excellent records as producers.

estate, \$21,732,063; policy loans, \$60,158,174; cash, \$10,040,932; real estate, \$5,731,165; interest and rents due or accrued, \$6,111,599; outstanding or deferred premiums and annuity consideration, \$8,210,940; all other assets, \$16,514.

Total liabilities in Canada of the United States companies amounted to \$457,867,370, and consisted of: Net reserve under contracts in force for payments not due, \$431,916,558; net liability for outstanding claims under contracts, \$2,890,545; provision for unreported claims, \$1,565,841; miscellaneous liability under contracts, \$10,969,330; provision for profits to policyholders, \$8,349,765; special reserves, \$443,718; all other liabilities, \$1,731,613.

Thus the United States companies showed a surplus in Canada of \$53,759,454 over all liabilities in Canada, including policy reserves, special reserves, provision for profits to policyholders, etc. Every United States company except one, a reinsurance company, showed a surplus in Canada, ranging from \$22,562 in the case of one company no longer in business to \$34,748,789 in the case of another company.

From the foregoing it is clear that the life insurance business as a whole in Canada as transacted by companies operating under Dominion registry rests upon a secure financial foundation, and is in an excellent position to successfully weather whatever stress and strain the future may have in store.

Inquiries

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Would you please give me your opinion of Equitable Life Insurance Co. of Canada, common stock as an investment. Is it likely to advance in price within the next few months?

—B. A. E., Aylmer, Ont.

There is no question that the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Canada has been steadily improving its business and financial position during the past few years. Nor is there any doubt in my mind that those who acquire its shares around current market quotations will in due time be well repaid, though I do not look for any sudden rise in the price within the next few months, but rather a gradual increase.

At the end of 1938 the total admitted assets of the company, according to Government figures, were \$11,592,190, while the total liabilities, including the paid up capital of \$327,733, amounted to \$11,465,150, showing a net surplus over capital and all liabilities of \$127,040. That is, the capital is intact, and there is a surplus as regards shareholders of \$127,040.

Total income in 1938 was \$1,810,597, and the total disbursements were \$1,214,500, showing an excess of income over disbursements of \$596,097. During 1936 the paid up capital was reduced by fifty per cent, so that there is now a greatly reduced amount upon which to pay dividends.

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

RE: The Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association of America, (Utica, N.Y.).

I am writing to enquire whether this Association is a regularly licensed company in Canada. On paper, its contracts appear quite favorable but, of course, their prospectus does not show conditions of the policy. For instance, do they operate on the assessment plan? If so, do you know whether an assessment has ever been made in Canada? Also, are assets in Canada sufficient to protect Canadian policyholders?

—H. J., Toronto, Ont.

The Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association of America, with head office at Utica, N.Y., and Canadian head office at Ottawa, was organized and commenced business in 1883. It has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since 1933. It is regularly licensed in this country as a fraternal benefit society, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$22,000 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

Assessment liability of policyholders is limited to the amount of one assess-

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ment. Each assessment, according to the by-laws, shall be fixed at a sum not exceeding \$6 for each single benefit membership or \$12 for each double benefit membership. Members may be reinstated by qualifying for membership just as when they first joined, and by paying \$3 if a single benefit member and \$6 if a double benefit member. All benefits cease upon discontinuance of premium payments, except where a claim is pending at the time premium payments cease. No extra assessments have been levied in recent years, so far as I know.

At the end of 1938 its total admitted assets were \$3,430,105.53, while its total liabilities amounted to \$1,314,446.26, showing a surplus over liabilities of \$2,115,659.27. Its total income in 1938 was \$3,710,859.25, and its total disbursements, \$3,324,225.47, of which \$2,335,975.68 was paid to policyholders. Its total assets in Canada at Dec. 31, 1938, were \$59,915, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$7,672, showing a surplus here of \$52,243.

All claims are readily collectable, and the Association is safe to insure with for fraternal insurance.

Month's Life Sales in U.S. Down 4.2%

NEW life insurance for July declined 4.2 per cent in comparison with the amount for July of last year, according to a report forwarded on August 15 by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents to the United States Department of Commerce. The total for the first seven months of this year was 2.9 per cent more than the total for the corresponding months of 1938.

The report aggregates the new paid-for business—exclusive of revivals, increases, and dividend additions—of 40 United States companies having 82 per cent of the total life insurance outstanding in all United States legal reserve companies.

For July, the new business of all classes of the 40 companies was \$506,380,000 against \$528,452,000 for July of 1938—a decrease of 4.2 per cent. New Ordinary insurance amounted to \$364,300,000 against \$356,401,000—an increase of 2.2 per cent. Industrial insurance was \$118,218,000 against \$153,392,000—a decrease of 22.9 per cent. Group insurance was \$23,862,000 against \$18,659,000—an increase of 27.9 per cent.

For the first seven months, the new business of all classes of the 40 companies was \$4,336,687,000 against \$4,213,221,000—an increase of 2.9 per cent. New Ordinary insurance amounted to \$3,041,334,000 against \$2,701,898,000—an increase of 12.6 per cent. Industrial insurance was \$860,540,000 against \$1,260,575,000—a decrease of 31.7 per cent. Group insurance was \$434,813,000 against \$250,748,000—an increase of 73.4 per cent.

Federated Hardware Mutuals

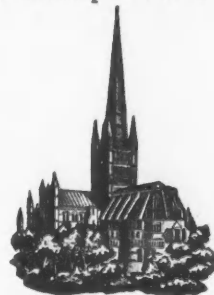
DIRECTORS of the three large hardware and implement mutual fire insurance companies, which for many years have maintained joint direct sales offices throughout the United States and Canada under the name of Federal Hardware & Implement Mutuals—Hardware Mutual Insurance Company of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Stevens Point, Wisconsin; Minnesota Implement Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Owatonna, Minnesota—have voted to discontinue this arrangement effective October 1, 1939.

After that date joint direct sales offices will be maintained in all territories by the Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company and the Minnesota Implement Mutual Fire Insurance Company, under the name of Federated Hardware Mutuals. The sales organization of the Hardware Mutual Insurance Company of Minnesota will operate independently.

At the present time the companies maintain joint territorial offices in nine cities. Each company controls three of these offices. Under the new arrangement the Federated Hardware Mutuals will take over the existing business of the former association in the territories served by the Atlanta, Dallas, Owatonna, Boston, Stevens Point, and Toronto offices. The existing business of the former association in the territories served by the San Francisco, Minneapolis, and Newark offices will be taken over by the Hardware Mutual Insurance Company of Minnesota. A reinsurance plan will be maintained between the three companies so that the distribution of liability will be virtually the same as under the former arrangement, affording the present Federal policyholders the capacity of all three companies either directly or by reinsurance.

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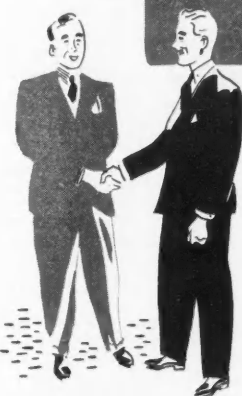


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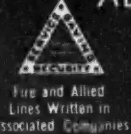
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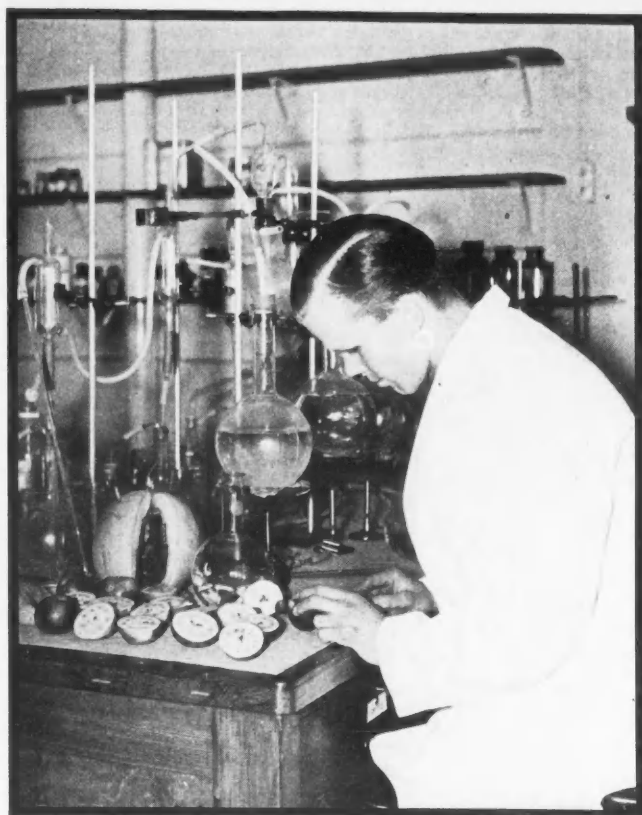
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A "HOSPITAL" FOR FRUIT. Covent Garden, London's famous fruit and flower market, handles about \$175,000,000 worth of fruit annually. Above is seen a corner of the Covent Garden laboratory, where scientists study samples of fruit showing wastage or abnormal features with the aim of improving fruit quality. The work costs in the neighborhood of \$250,000 yearly and big things are expected from it.

Bank Survey Indicates Renewal of Recovery

"ECONOMIC developments during the past few months have on the whole been definitely favorable," according to the Monthly Review of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Were the international situation less explosive, it could be said with a considerable degree of assurance that Canadian business was emerging from the slump of 1937-38.

The forest and mining industries have experienced a considerable expansion in the demand for their products and have already somewhat increased the scale of their operations. Construction has been more active, largely because of a substantial gain in the building of houses. Conditions in the manufacturing industries have been slightly better, though there are certain exceptions.

Retail trade in urban centres has increased, recently exceeding the levels of the corresponding months last year, but sales in rural areas have continued relatively depressed. In addition, the railways have been somewhat busier and their financial position has improved moderately.

"A substantial revival of export trade," says the Review, has been the principal factor behind this recent betterment. Exports of Canadian produce have been rising steadily and in May, June and July their value (exclusive of gold) at \$232 millions was 16½% higher than in the same period of 1938. Sales to the United States have been running above the previous year's levels since the beginning of 1939 and in the last three months the gains have been particularly large. Exports to Great Britain have recovered sharply and since May have surpassed the corresponding

totals of the preceding year.

The immediate outlook for export business seems quite promising, owing to the upward course of economic affairs both in Britain and the United States. In Britain, there is every prospect that the recent increase in activity will continue during the remainder of this year. In the United States, the upturn which began in the late Spring has carried on through July. On the whole, it would appear that Canada is reaping substantial benefits from the heavy public expenditures of these two countries.

From a domestic standpoint, interest centres upon the wheat harvest. While heat and lack of moisture have destroyed the possibility of a bumper crop, present indications still point to an appreciably larger yield than in 1938. In view of the lower fixed price and of the likelihood that grades will not be as good as last year's, it is probable that farm income from wheat will show a moderate reduction as compared with a year ago. Nevertheless, the harvest will bring a considerable stimulus to business, though as was the case last year it may well prove to be of short duration.

Should the current spurt in wheat prices continue, returns might be greater than indicated above. But the spurt is a direct result of war fears and the peace-time outlook for wheat remains discouraging.

Construction Gains

Of the improvement in housing construction, the Review states that residential contracts amounted to \$41 millions in the first seven months of the year—a gain of no less than 31% over the previous year and the highest figure for any corresponding period since 1931. The part played by the National Housing Act in promoting this expansion is shown by the 45% increase over a year ago in loans under its provisions. From January to July, housing loans totalled nearly \$12 millions and financed 3,600 housing units. The growing volume of loans made by the banks under the Home Improvement Plan has been an additional stimulating influence: the year's new advances of \$7.4 millions are 30% ahead of the corresponding figure for 1938.

In regard to mining, it appears that the rising trend of activity, which was for some time checked by the world-wide business recession, has been resumed during the last few months. "Gold production has shown a further substantial advance, the market for base metals has expanded appreciably, coal output has picked up and additional progress has been made in developing the Alberta oil fields."

The Review presents two new measures of industrial activity—employment in the industries which produce goods and carloadings of industrial products. Both of these indices confirm the improving business trend. Each of them has risen materially in the last six months to levels somewhat higher than a year earlier.

WAR MEMORIAL

CANADA'S National War Memorial, commemorating the services of her sons and daughters during the Great War, is located on Connaught Place, Ottawa. The whole memorial is nearly 70 feet in height and faces the new Parkway in the centre of the capital city. The memorial consists of a group of twenty-two bronze figures representing all arms and branches of the service, who are presented as pressing eagerly forward between two granite columns. These columns are surmounted by an architrave bearing the heroic bronze figures of Peace and Freedom.

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Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

SHOULD the British Empire become involved in war, the Dominion of Canada will weigh heavily upon the scale of British power. This will be particularly true in the supply of foodstuffs and in metals.

Metal production in Canada in 1914, the first year of the world war, was considered quite important. Yet, in comparison with 1939 the metal output was a mere skeleton. By way of illustration, it may be recalled that in 1914 the production of copper in Canada was valued at just \$10,300,000, as compared with probably \$60,000,000 in 1939. Nickel output in 1914 was valued at \$13,655,000, whereas in 1939 it will have a value of approximately \$55,000,000. Lead production was valued at just \$1,627,568 in 1914, whereas in 1939 it will have a value of \$14,000,000. Also, zinc production in 1914 was valued at less than \$400,000, compared with an output of close to \$12,000,000 in 1939. The gold output of less than \$16,000,000 from all mines of Canada in 1914 compares with a probable output of \$175,000,000 to \$180,000,000 in 1939.

Metal prices responded quickly under war demands in the world war. Copper was 13.60 cents per lb. in 1914, rose to 17.27 in 1915 and an average of over 27 cents per lb. in 1916 and 1917. Lead rose from 3.86 in 1914 to 8.78 in 1917. Zinc soared from 5 cents per lb. in 1914 to 13 cents per pound in 1915.

Should another world war develop, many metal observers believe prices will rise again. Current prices of under 5 cents per lb. for lead and zinc, and a price of under 11 cents per lb. for copper have so far reflected nothing more than a mere possibility of war.

The Pickle Lake and Crow River mining area in the district of Patricia has now been provided with sufficient hydro-electric power with which to proceed with expansion of operations. The transmission line has been completed from Ear Falls, and upwards of 1500 additional horsepower has been made immediately available. This will quickly reflect itself particularly on the scope of operations at the Pickle Lake and the Central Patricia mines.

Denison Nickel Mines has opened a fine grade of ore in the crosscut at 950 ft. in depth. Combined copper and nickel content is estimated at two per cent., added to which is around \$3 per ton in platinum.

Hard Rock Gold Mines is estimated to have 600,000 tons of ore above the 475 ft. level, and with exploration below that depth having advanced to a point where an aggregate of around 1,000,000 tons of ore may be indicated in the north orebody. Grade is estimated at over \$11 per ton. The mill is operating at 300 tons daily and is producing 75 tons of concentrates.

daily. The new roasting plant designed to handle 100 tons of concentrates daily is nearly complete, and will go into operation by about the middle of September.

Falconbridge Nickel Mines will pay its regular quarterly dividend of 7½ cents per share on Sept. 29th, calling for distribution of \$250,319, and making a total of \$6,467,195 since January 1933.

Upper Canada Mines is giving the finishing touches to mill construction. The new plant, capable of handling 150 tons of ore daily, should be placed in operation during the first week in October.

Split Lake Gold Mines reports discovery of a new vein closely paralleling the No. 2 deposit. The find was made during the course of stopping operations on No. 2 itself. The newly found vein is 2½ ft. in width with visible gold showing in the quartz.

Gold Mines in Canada have an estimated 75,000,000 tons of ore in sight, according to estimates prepared exclusively for Saturday Night. This includes the ore reserves of Noranda Mines in the gold mine classification for the reason that although Noranda is generally looked upon as a copper mine, yet the ore reserves contain more gold than that so far estimated in any other mine in Canada. The total Canadian ore reserve has a gross gold content estimated at approximately \$700,000,000 or about four years ahead of current rate of output. A favorable feature is that current operations are placing more new ore in sight than that being taken out.

Stadacona Rouyn Mines produced \$53,958 in gold during July, recovering an average of \$5.34 per ton. Operating profits have averaged about \$3,000 per month so far this year.

Canada's gold production, now up to a rate of 5,000,000 ounces annually, is the centre of marked interest as a result of the recent sharp rise in the price for gold as measured by the British pound and other currencies.

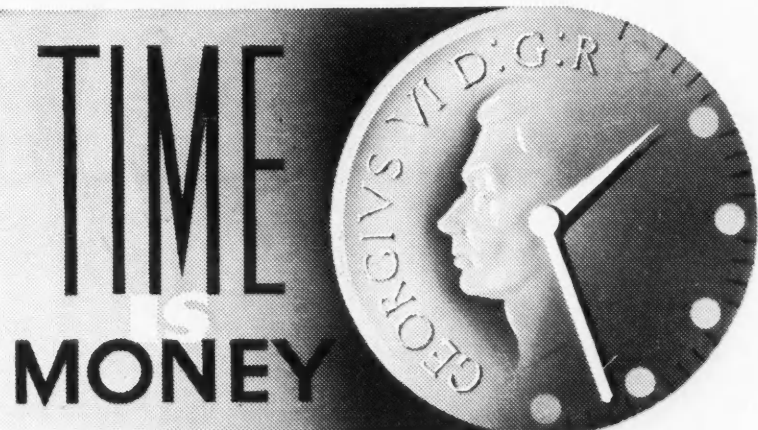
Smelter Gold Mines has let a diamond drill contract for the purpose of exploring the downward and lateral extensions of the high grade discovery recently made on surface of the company's properties at Rowan Lake. A heavy duty drill, capable of working to 1500 ft. in depth, is being transported to the property.

McKenzie Red Lake is raising 240 tons of ore daily. This is being sorted down to 200 tons which is the current scale of mill operations.

Preston East Dome has increased mill operations to over 400 tons per day. Grade of ore, however, has been sharply reduced to between \$10 and \$11 per ton. This compares with a recovery of \$14.70 per ton in July when average grade of mill feed was above normal due to drawing upon high grade accumulated at surface during earlier development operations.



DEVELOPS BETTER LIGHT. Dr. Leslie F. Howlett, Ottawa, of the National Research Council, has perfected artificial daylight which is better than the real thing. At least, it is better than ordinary daylight for color grading and color grading is a vital factor in the valuation of furs, as it is in paint manufacture and other industries. Now, using the Research Council's methods, it can be done under correct lighting conditions which are constant regardless of weather or time of day. Equally important is the fact those conditions can be reproduced exactly at other places and times. Down in Prince Edward Island, furs have been graded by north sky light, but even this was recognized as subject to great variations. The Department of Agriculture asked the Research Council to work out some more satisfactory system. This has been done by Dr. Howlett and is ready now for use.



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Western Oil and Oil Men

BY T. E. KEYES

FOR some time I have been trying to find out how Canada's western oils could serve the Empire in the event of war.

Last January I talked with a representative of the British Admiralty in Ottawa, and I know the suggestion which that man made to the Dominion geological survey.

I also know, under certain conditions, what could happen to the British fleet and other mechanized equipment.

I therefore believe that one of the greatest services Canada can render to the Empire at this time is to see that it has lots of oil of the types that it requires; consequently, development work, both in Turner Valley and our outside fields, should be rushed in every possible way. There should be no idle drilling rigs anywhere in Canada.

That this oil is required, and that the Empire is interested, is shown by the fact that representatives from London have come over to discuss pipelines or transportation facilities. This phase is presently being investigated by Dr. Charles Camsell, Deputy Minister of Mines & Resources, Ottawa, and his technical staff.

Last week we had a meeting in Calgary of the western section of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. E. J. Carlyle of Montreal, who is secretary of this great organization of technical men, stated that if war should come, the members of the C.I.M.M. would immediately set to work to greatly increase the supply of fuels and metals. This work would be done quickly, efficiently and unselfishly, this speaker declared.

While western Canada is considered to have the greatest possibilities for huge oil reservoirs, there are other places in Canada where oil is found and that have oil indications. I was able to have a chat with I. W. Jones, chief geologist for the Province of Quebec, and he considers that the Gaspé Peninsula has excellent potentialities.

New Brunswick has a proven oil and gas field near Moncton. I will come back to this field later on in this article; about two years ago I discussed it with geologists who had been over it, and my information was that it is worth looking into, as is also the Gaspé Peninsula.

During the week the Guardian well in the Pouce Coupe area encountered an oil-saturated porous zone in the top of the lime horizon. As this is written, the casing is being cemented and a production test may be made immediately or the well may be drilled deeper. This test is being carried out by the Benedum & Tree interests of Pittsburgh, Pa.

As yet the Conservation Board have not assigned an allowable to the Extension No. 2 well which came into production about two weeks ago. This well is known to be a good producer; on a 24-hour open-flow test it produced over 3100 barrels. As this is written, the Anglo No. 6 well is on steady production; as yet it has only received a minor acid treatment, and in its early stages was producing around 27 barrels per day.

The annual general meeting of Commonwealth Petroleum Limited, held in Calgary last week, was adjourned to the call of the directors. The reason for this adjournment was attributed to an investigation of the company's affairs by Government officials. A special general meeting of the shareholders authorized the directors to declare either stock or cash dividends.

I was hoping to have a complete report on the results of the tests at the Shaw-Franco well at Lloydminster and the Battleview Franco well at Vermilion (which is about 25 miles west of Lloydminster). I have just contacted Walter F. Thorn, President of the Franco Oil Company, by long-distance telephone, and he tells me that he himself is awaiting a report from the company's geologist, Dr. F. F. Hintze of Salt Lake City, who is at the field directing operations at both these wells.

Mr. Thorn stated that the results so far at Lloydminster indicate it to be a very good well, and that there is no sign of any water, which is usually encountered in wells drilled on the prairie. The Vermilion well also looks very promising, Mr. Thorn said, but he prefers to not issue any official statement of production until he has had a complete report from the company's geologist.

According to reports around Calgary, the Lloydminster well was termed a 500 barrel producer; however, even if it should turn out to be a 100 barrel well it will be an excellent commercial producer, as the depth is only 1,750 feet, and the drilling costs less than \$15,000.

I met F. H. Edmunds at the C.I.M. and M. convention; he is professor of geology at Saskatchewan University, Saskatoon. He tells me the Lloydminster field can now be classed as a proven oil and gas field; he also

states that oil in quantity was encountered at the Franco well at Unity, Sask.

Mr. Thorn said the Franco No. 1 well at Cardston, presently standing at 4700 feet, is now changing to rotary equipment.

Franco Cardston No. 2 well, located about eight miles from the No. 1 well, and on a different structure, is drilling at about 200 feet. The lime or producing horizon is expected at around 4,000 feet.

Possibly the most interesting paper delivered at the meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy last week was that of Dr. G. S. Hume on the general geology of Turner Valley. Dr. Hume told the members and public that the south end of Turner Valley ended at the Brown No. 6 well. He pointed out that, due to faulting, this well, if completed, would be approximately 9100 feet deep and would be almost certain to encounter water, as did Okalta No. 6 and Scottish Petroleum.

In discussing the north end of the

field, he stated that the Turner Valley structure continued about seven miles north of the Home Millerville No. 2 well; however, he stressed that this did not mean that the entire seven-mile area would be productive of oil. This area is narrower than is the south end, and drilling would be deeper as it proceeded north of the Home No. 2 well.

The fact that water was encountered in the south end of the field makes it highly probable that this same water extends to the north end of the field. Dr. Hume termed the Turner Valley structure as possibly the most complicated structure in North America, from a geologist's standpoint. This statement was generally concurred in by other geologists, the only exception being Dr. T. A. Link.

He is the Imperial's chief geologist at Calgary. In discussing the field, he said that until recently, he had agreed with this statement of Dr. Hume's, but that he had now come to the conclusion that Turner Valley was just an ordinary oilfield, as most of the faults on the surface did not extend into the lime or producing zone. He also stated that he considered the water encountered at Okalta No. 6 and Scottish Petroleum to be a connate or stagnant body, and that it was quite possible that

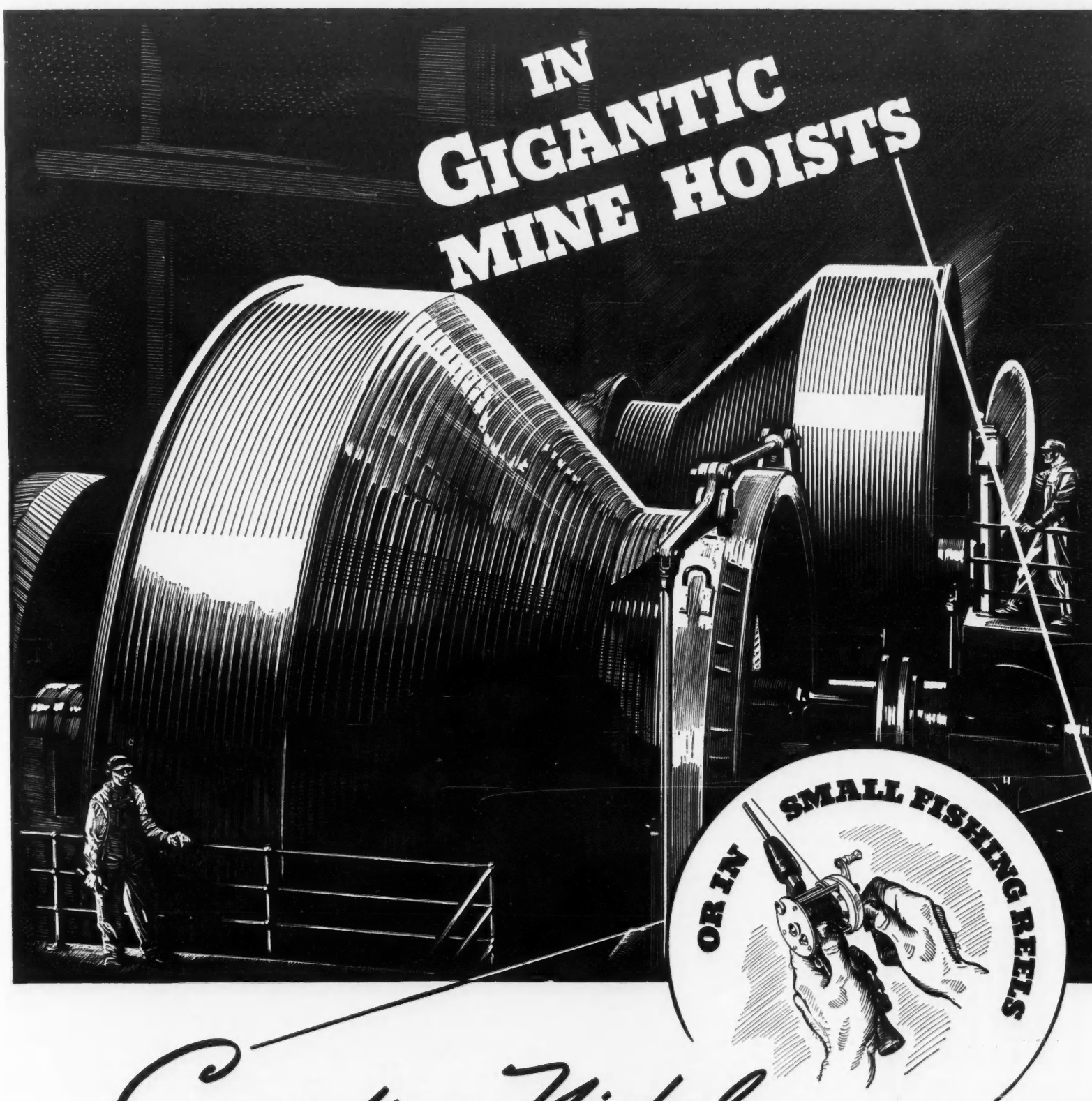
this water would not be found in other parts of the field.

In discussing the geology of the Brazeau area, Dr. J. O. G. Sanderson said that it too was of a very complicated nature; he claimed the structure was a very large one, possibly five to six times larger than the Turner Valley field.

The Home Oil Company has spent over \$300,000 in aerial and geological surveys, drilling and development work. The present depth of the Home Brazeau well is around 6500 feet, and the lime contact, or producing horizon should be reached, according to Dr. Sanderson, at around 8000 feet; however, geology is something which lends itself to a great deal of speculation.

The discussions were not confined to western oils; among the papers was a talk on the development of oil and gas in New Brunswick by Dr. J. A. Henderson of London, England. Dr. Henderson and his associates have under lease from the New Brunswick government 10,000 sq. miles of potential oil land; a small part of this area near Moncton, N.B. has been developed, and both gas and oil have been found. The city of Moncton has been supplied with gas for many years. The total value of oil and gas recovered so far amounts to \$8,100,000.

New Brunswick oil is of a paraffin base and similar to high quality lubricating oils found in Pennsylvania. Dr. Henderson and his group have a small refinery in the field, and oil production is limited to the area which this refinery can serve. According to Dr. Henderson, the Imperial's oil refinery at Halifax does not make lubricating oils, and for him to market this oil through the Imperial company, it would be necessary to ship it to Sarnia, Ont. This would be costly. The depth of the wells in this field vary from 2500 to 4600 ft. However, Dr. Henderson considers that the Albert shales, from which the production is obtained, possibly extend from 6000 to 8000 feet in depth, and the wells could be drilled to these horizons if desired. He considers that a major oilfield exists in New Brunswick.



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TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1939

Ontario Undertakes Great Project on Grand River

BY E. F. LAMBERT



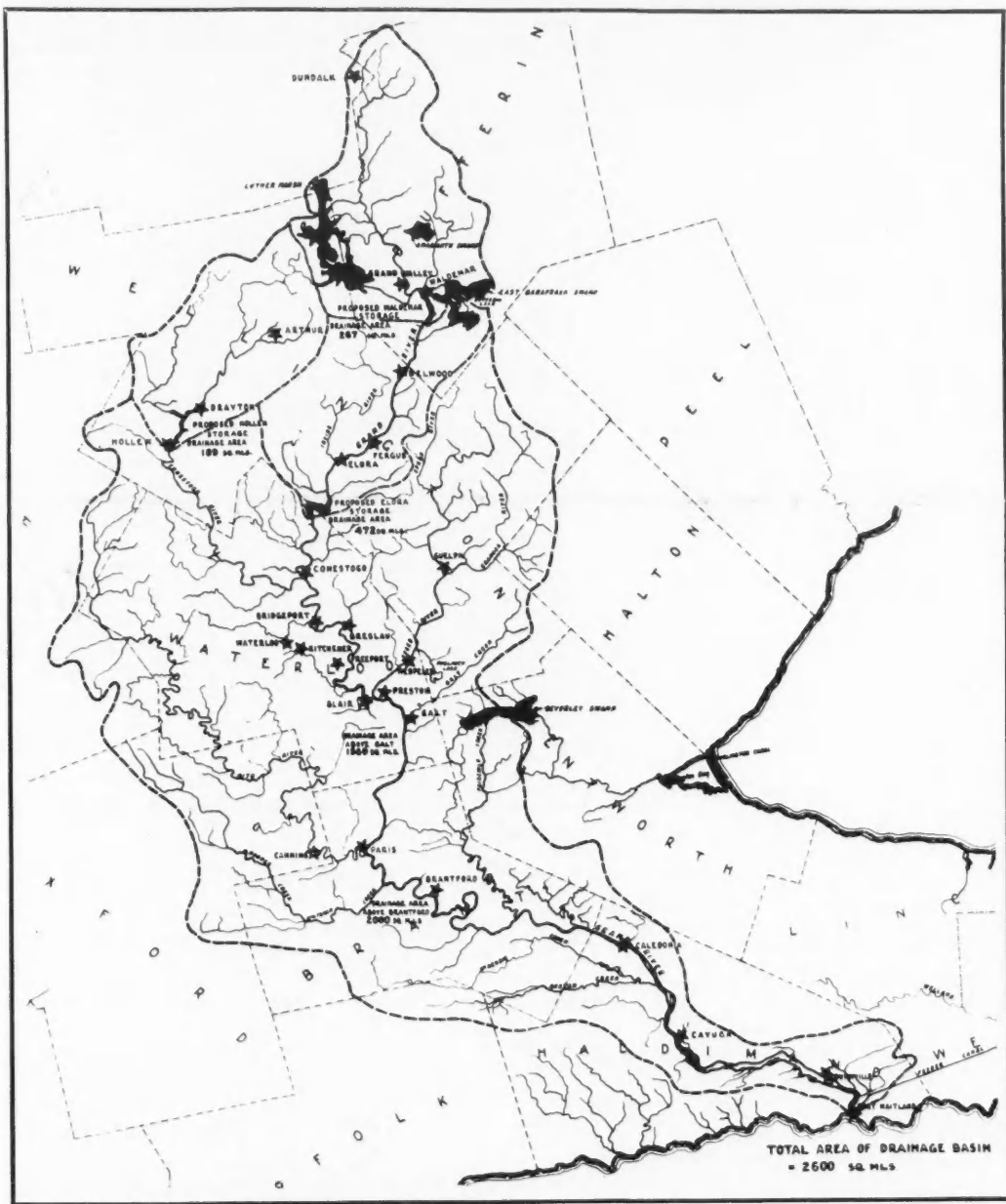
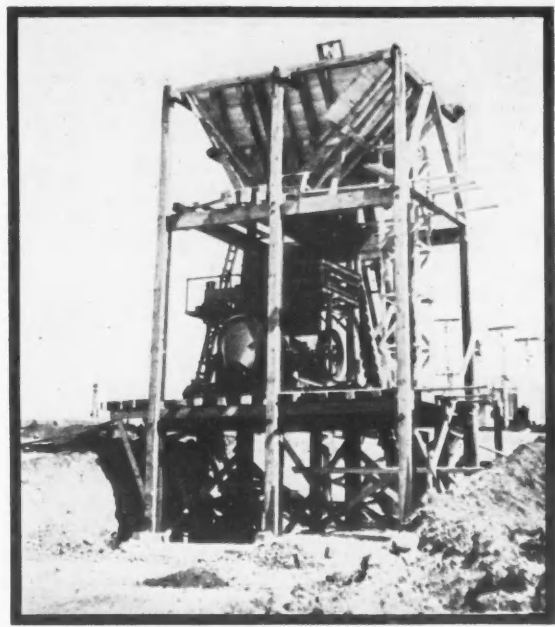
WESTERN Ontario is making Canadian history these days. During the past thirty and some odd years there has been a growing realization among municipalities situated in the Grand River valley that something must be done to control the flow of that river. Now something is being done.

The most ambitious project of its kind attempted in the Dominion, a giant control dam is in process of construction on a site three miles northeast of Fergus. When completed in the autumn of 1940 the dam will stretch for 2,270 feet in a general east-west direction across the river valley, each end securely anchored against enduring hills.

Across this structure will run a 24-foot roadway, carried over the spillway section by a bridge. Bridge and spillway will be floodlighted. Upstream, a lake varying in width from a mile and a half not far above the dam to a few hundred feet where it narrows to the river inlet, will extend for a length estimated at from seven to eight and three-quarter miles. The Grand River Conservation Commission, administrative authority for the entire conservation project, of which the Fergus development is the largest unit, is reported reserving a 500-foot strip of land around the entire shore line of the lake-to-be, with the idea of park development and the sale of summer home sites.

The dam will thrust itself up from foundations in the solid rock to a height of 75 feet and in the centre there will be a 150-foot concrete spillway with four electrically-operated steel gates each

(Continued on Page 20)



TOP LEFT: These sturdy wooden bridges carry a constant stream of heavily loaded dump trucks over the diversion channel which takes the river down the east side of the valley while the west wing wall is being built. This channel is 1,000 feet long, 30 feet wide and about 15 feet deep. **RIGHT:** Giant cement mixer being groomed for its task of pouring the extensive foundations.

hundred at a time to prepare a solid rock foundation for the spillway section.

BELOW LEFT: General view of work in the river valley looking from the west bank. At lower right is the beginning of the "rock toe fill" which will prevent the wing wall from slipping. This rock, blasted from the spillway site, is being loaded into trucks by the steam shovel (centre). The graded strip stretching away to the distance represents the line of the dam. **RIGHT:** Looking northwest from the centre of the workings. The bank has been graded down in a series of ledges to prevent slides when the dam is anchored to its slope. On top of the bank are the camp buildings.

CENTRE LEFT: Map of the area affected by the vast Grand River flood control project. **RIGHT:** The pegged area represents the centre of the dam-to-be. The pegs are plugging prepared drill-holes in the rock, which are loaded and blasted a





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MUSICAL EVENTS

Melton Doubles Prom Audience

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

"I'D SOONER sing in Toronto than any city of the world, so help me," quoth the lyric tenor James Melton, guest artist at the Promenade Symphony Orchestra concert in Varsity Arena last week. Apparently the Toronto public reciprocates his affection, for the audience numbered well over 7000, more than double those which have attended recent Proms. Though those present were aware that war was almost inevitable, they had come to relax and enjoy themselves and Mr. Melton's habit of establishing easy colloquial relations with listeners was just what they wanted.

It seems at first blush an odd comparison but Mr. Melton's methods of dealing with his public closely resemble those of a popular idol of the past, Sir Harry Lauder. Of course he is as formal as other tenors in serious works sung to show the scope of his art; but he really finds himself in lyrics of a popular order. These, owing to the fine quality of his voice and the gentility of his bearing, take on new charm.

He is not a great tenor, but a very good one; with pure warm liquid tones, an admirable production and faultless enunciation. In the great aria, "Distant Echo of my Youth," from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," he was not markedly impressive. He was sticking too closely to the text to let himself go. He was better in Massenet's "Elegie" and Eakin's gypsy song "Ay, Gitanos," sung with genuine ease and lyrical fervor. But his real triumphs occurred when he sang American folk songs like "Water Boy" and Gershwin's "Summertime." His instinct failed him however when he offered as rubbishy a song as was ever written; "It's a little bit of Heaven, and they call it I-er-land." This quenched the enthusiasm of the countless Oliver Twists who had been asking for "more."

Reginald Stewart's most important offering was Rimsky-Korsakoff's gorgeously colorful and intricate overture, "The Russian Festival of High Easter." Most of the orchestra are familiar with it, and it was ably rendered with due attention to the contrast in atmosphere between the liturgical passages and the incidents of springtime rejoicing. In the former the cello section acquitted itself magnificently. Mr. Stewart also gave a capitally smooth and buoyant rendering of Mozart's Symphony in G minor, opus 40, and an inspiring interpretation of two of Dvorak's fiery and melodious Slavonic Dances. Slav inspiration dominated the program, for as a *pièce de résistance* the conductor revived Tchaikovsky's "1812." Though it happens to celebrate the triumph of Russia over France, it also celebrates the victory of a people over a foreign dictator, and in that spirit audiences accept it. It is worth noting that this overture, now so universally known, was first introduced to Canada thirty-five years ago by the great bandmaster Mackenzie Rogan, on the first visit to this country of the Band of the Coldstream Guards. It was then nearly a quarter of a century old, but had been little known outside Russia until a few years previously Rogan had heard of it and played it for British audiences.

Sir Dan Godfrey's Death

In the pressure of more exciting cable news the death of the British conductor, Sir Dan Godfrey, who passed away a few weeks ago at the age of 71, escaped attention. Sir Dan was well known on this side of the Atlantic and had visited Canada on several occasions. In Toronto musical circles he had close friends, who included Thomas J. Crawford and Reginald Stewart. Sir Dan was chiefly famous as conductor of the Bournemouth Corporation Orchestra, a post he held for forty years, his retirement in 1934 being rendered compulsory because he had passed the age of 65. He was a son of the famous bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, Lieut. Dan Godfrey, and for over a hundred years various members of the Godfrey family were famous in connection with British Army bands. Sir Dan himself did not join the military establishment, but in 1889 at the age of 21 he became conductor of the "London Military Band" which was really a civilian organization. Not long afterwards he went to South Africa as a light opera conductor, and after his return in 1893 undertook the project of creating a municipal orchestra at Bournemouth to augment the popularity of the town as a tourist resort. It was the most successful experiment of the kind ever attempted and in the course of years the Bournemouth Orchestra became famous as the vehicle of the best symphonic music. During his career he played for the first time 180 works by modern British composers, and in recognition of his services to British music he was knighted in 1922. Fifteen years ago in his book, "Memories and Music," he presented his own theory of the relation of colors to various orchestral instruments. In a tabulation he attached a specific color to each; for instance the flute for him suggested blue, and the clarinet rose-pink to blush-red.

Igor Stravinsky who has accepted a chair at Harvard University will spend the coming season in America, filling occasional engagements as a guest conductor. The most startling

news about him however is that having gone the limit in orchestral color and complexity with "Petroushka" and "Rites of Spring," he has turned back to eighteenth century modes and is composing a symphony in the style of Haydn.

"Fidelio's" Predecessor

Herbert F. Peyser, formerly well known to Canadian musicians as traveling correspondent for *Musical America*, recently contributed to the *New York Times* the longest account of a single broadcast that one recalls. But it was an event of rare historic interest. Everyone knows Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," at least through its three "Leonore" overtures. It was first produced in Vienna in 1814 and the text was credited to two Austrian librettists. In reality it was a translation of an opera "Leonore; or Conjugal Love," the book of which was written by Jean-Nicholas Bouilly, with music by a forgotten French composer, Pierre Gaveaux. It was first produced in Paris during the latter days of the French Revolution; first day of Ventose, year 6; which means Feb. 19, 1798. Lacking the music of Beethoven it did not last very long. Recently the Eiffel Tower station of the French radio system revived "Leonore" in its entirety. Until this occasion it had not been heard in Paris or anywhere else for nearly 141 years. Gaveaux's score, according to Mr. Peyser, is tuneful but unimpressive and marked by insipid echoes of Gluck and Mozart. But it was interesting to contrast the manner in which Gaveaux and Beethoven had treated the same incidents, the one trivially; the other with lofty emotion; the difference between a hack-worker and a genius.

The Italian Government has honored the composer of "Bohème" and "Madame Butterfly," by adding the name Puccini to that of the retired spot where he composed his later works. It has been discovered that in his native Lucca he had a musical ancestor also named Giacomo Puccini (1712-1781) who was a chapel-master. The old gentleman left three large volumes of memoirs, preserved in the state archives of Lucca, containing many details about the musical life of Italy in the eighteenth century. An entry of April 7, 1764, describes a concert given at Lucca in honor of the Duke of York, brother of King George the Third of England.

During the Napoleonic Wars the most popular composer and singer of British sea songs was Charles Dibdin, born at Southampton, 1745, died London, 1814. He began as a choir boy in Winchester Cathedral and later became famous as an actor and singer. Of his 600 sea songs "Tom Bowling" and "Blow High, Blow Low" are the most famous. For many years there existed in London the Dibdinian Club, founded in 1834, to promote regular performances of his lyrics. During his lifetime they were credited with having recruited more men for the British Navy than were ever kidnapped by the press gang. It so happens that there resides in Victoria, B.C., a great-grandson of the composer, F. Dibdin Heselkne, with whose co-operation the 125th anniversary of Dibdin's death was commemorated at Vancouver on September 3 in the "By the Sea" broadcast of Percy Harvey's orchestra and the Blue Jackets Chorus. "Tom Bowling" was of course included, as well as another old favorite, "The Bells of Aberdovey."

New Music on the Air

"Young Apollo" one of the compositions which the British composer Benjamin Britten completed during his stay in Canada, had its world-première recently in a broadcast by Alexander Chuhaldin's "Melodic Strings." It is scored for pianoforte, string quartet and orchestra. Mr. Britten, himself a gifted executant, was at the keyboard; and the quartet consisted of Albert Pratz and Harold



ON VACATION, Reginald Stewart, conductor of Toronto's Promenade Symphony Orchestra, photographed during his recent vacation at Falmouth Heights, Mass., near Cape Cod. It was Mr. Stewart's first real vacation since the beginning of the proms in the summer of 1934.



THERE'S A MUSICAL CONFERENCE on the Sky Line Trail Hike when Louis Crerar of Toronto, pianist; J. Murray Gibbon of Montreal; and Frances James, soprano soloist, of Toronto, get together at the final pow-wow near Lake Louise.

Sumberg, violinists, Cecil Figelsky, viola, and Philip Spivak, cello. The composition is symbolic, typifying the triumph of the God of Light over deities of darkness and destruction like Saturn. It is stormy, brilliant and suggestive, and will possibly be extended by Mr. Britten. Two unique lyrical offerings are being heard from opposite sides of Canada this week. In the program "Acadian Serenade" from Halifax, Earle Spicer is singing "The Kyng's Ballade of Passetyme with Good Campayne," words and music by King Henry VIII, the manuscript of which is in the British Museum. At Vancouver, Clement Williams, Australian baritone, is singing a poem, "Dream of Spring," by the 18th century Chinese poet Ts'en Ts'an, set to music by Sir Granville Bantock.

Jan Cherniavsky, widely known pianist, has returned to Vancouver after a considerable absence. He originally made his debut in Russia at the age of 7 and later with his brothers Leo and Mischel formed the Cherniavsky Trio which in former years traveled on every continent. Early this summer he had planned a recital tour which was to have included Vienna, Budapest and other cities of Middle Europe, a plan frustrated by the tension of world conditions. He has lately commenced a series of broadcasts from Vancouver and claims to have made a special study of piano technique in relation to the microphone, a field in which there is room for development. Mr. Cherniavsky says with some truth that he has never heard a pianoforte broadcast which completely retained the individuality or mood of the artist. This handicap, known to all radio experts, he hopes to overcome in part at least.

Forgotten Silas

A little while ago Bernard Shaw published "Music in London: 1890-1894," a reprint of musical criticisms he wrote at that period for the defunct "Star" over the pseudonym "Corno di Bassetto." The book brought back to recollection the names of a number of forgotten figures prominent in London musical circles in the eighties when Shaw's mother was a singing teacher. Among them was a composer named Silas who in 1892 played a Piano Concerto of his own at Crystal Palace. Shaw ventured the opinion that if it had been introduced by a pianist like the young Paderewski or the veteran Rubinstein it would have created a furore. Since few of the present generation ever heard of a composer named Silas the old tribute piqued curiosity. It appears that Eduard Silas was a native of Amsterdam, born in 1827 and educated at the Conservatoire, where in youth he defeated Camille Saint-Saens in an organ competition. His ability as a pianist won congratulations from Chopin in 1849, and he was the personal friend of Berlioz, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Rubinstein and Saint-Saens. He settled in London in 1850 and remained there until his death in 1909. His oratorio "Jonah" was produced at the Norwich Festival in 1863 and his organ music is still played in English churches. He was long connected with the Guildhall School of Music and the Royal Academy of Music, and judging by letters from old pupils in British publications he was a lovable and inspiring teacher.

The Winnipeg organization known as the Morning Musicales is planning for the season of 1939-40 a series of 12 semi-monthly concerts, provided exclusively by Winnipeg musicians. The Manitoba capital boasts a large number of chamber and small orchestral organizations which will be utilized. A string ensemble under Geoffrey Waddington will open the series early in October with a Bach program, followed two weeks later by a Moussorgsky centenary program.

BBC's Choral Director

The orchestral head of BBC, Sir Adrian Boult, is well known on this side of the Atlantic, but less is known of Leslie Woodgate, who has been Choral Director since 1934. He is still a young man and began his musical career as a choir-boy in London. Then he obtained an all-round musical education and became an organist. His first important appointment was as assistant to the noted composer John Ireland at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. His broadcasting forces at BBC are divided into several branches, only occasionally heard en masse. He has two small groups

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FILM PARADE

"The Opium of the People"

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

IN HOLLYWOOD the studio conferences must be almost as intense and frequent as the conferences in the chancelleries of Europe. "Give the public something to make them forget..." "No, give them something to make them realize..." "Build up the features, double-bills and plenty of sentiment and comedy..." "Enlarge the newsreels service. People aren't interested any more in anything but what is happening. Look at the radio..." "Look at the last war, what did they give them? Sentiment and Comedy. Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin."

Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. "Mrs. Wiggins of the Cabbage Patch" and "Shoulder Arms." There were no newsreels and there was no radio. You couldn't turn a button and listen to the death-rattle of civilization in your own front parlor. There were only the newspapers and in between editions you could have at least the physical illusion of peace. Then if the illusion wasn't strong enough you could go to the movies and escape into sentiment or the reassuring parody of war. Remember "Alf's Button" and how Alf transported himself out of the front line trenches and right into the lap of a Turkish harem? We laughed our heads off.

It may be that we will be able to laugh at war again, once we have become accustomed once more to its incredible reality. It will be a long time, however, if there is any sanity left in the world, before we will demand war's heroics. Heroics from now on will be represented by Herr Hitler dressing himself up in field uniform with the Iron Cross on his breast, announcing "Unless I am victor I will not see the end," and subsequently driving off in a limousine to the Polish front, behind shatter-proof glass, with four guards on the running board. Even heroism itself is now a matter of mortal necessity, not to be caught in becomingly photographed attitudes on the screen. ("Every Polish citizen who does not report for military service will be subject to the death penalty.") Violence has got out of its box, and its incredible message comes to us punctually over the air, on the hour and the half-hour. How can the manufactured violence of the screen, scaled down to landscape size, hope to compete with it?

If it is wise, the industry won't attempt to. It will, I think, give us very much the same kind of picture we had this week. To people hurrying into the theatre with war extras in their hands and the voice of the news announcer still in their ears, these pictures seemed at first unreal and meaningless, because they were made, day before yesterday, in a world which was still nominally at peace. But in a few minutes one settled down in the familiar moviegoer's trance and became gently and mindlessly absorbed in Judge Hardy's unfortunate investment in an aluminum production scheme. Nothing in the world could have been less important than the good Judge's problem with his aluminum investment, unless it were Andy's moon-calf infatuation with his high-school teacher. And just because it was unimportant it was suddenly wonderfully comforting. When one's attention has been fastened on Europe for hours and days on end, it is a curious relief to attach it to the rather fatuous inconsequentialities of the Hardy family.

ily doings. The world of the Hardys was at least a carefully copied replica of the small middle-class world of week before last—comfortable and secure, with nothing more exciting than high-school dramas and a flurry in aluminum to disturb its serenity.

"When Tomorrow Comes," with that pair of elegant screen-worldlings, Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne, was much better than "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever." "The Star Maker" with Bing Crosby, was much worse. The former is a suave, tactfully directed production, whose complications are the complications of emotion rather than of plot. The latter has to do with a fly-by-night producer who travels round the country recruiting child-talent for the variety stage; and the only moment of real pleasure it brought me was when an officer of the Children's Aid stepped in and for humanitarian reasons stopped the show.

But however little pleasure a film may bring, the eye, hypnotized, follows the procession of images on the screen and the attention, dull but fixed, watches the narrative fall into place. All we ask, at any rate at the present time, is some suspension of thought and realization. In the big



INTRODUCING "THE WOMEN". Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Rosalind Russell who are starred in "The Women", the film version of the stage play of the same name.

darkened theatre with the light slanting down on a world of complete unreality we feel relaxed and secure, our nerves muted down. If there's any bad news, we know that it will keep till we get out. The movies are our Shangri-La, and it doesn't matter very much if like Shangri-La they are improbable, vague and a little silly.

It may very well be that without any special effort on the part of the industry, 1939-40 may turn out to be Motion Picture's Greatest Year.



BROADWAY HIT IS SCREENED. A scene from "On Borrowed Time", with Lionel Barrymore, Eily Malyon, Bobs Watson and Una Merkel.

THE CAMERA

Catching Up on My Letters

BY "JAY"

WELL, here we are back again to the dark room and the office, and to a number of very interesting letters from readers of this department, which have been awaiting my return. I am sorry for the delay in answering, and I hope that the writers, despite the delay, find my replies just as interesting.

Mr. W. J. Graham, of Calgary, Alberta, writes to say that he has a daughter who has just finished High

School and is very much interested in photography. Mr. Graham asks if there is a school of instruction in Canada, and if I would advise a correspondence course as a start. Readers will remember I replied to a similar letter a few weeks ago. I want to say again that I do not advise a correspondence course because I feel that if photography is to be taught, personal tuition is absolutely necessary. Unfortunately there are no institutions in Canada specializing in this work, although there are several in the United States, and I am writing Mr. Graham, giving the names of these schools.

Any other readers desiring this information, may obtain it by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Exhibitions

Mr. Edgar J. Fulchar of Gold Park, Ont., wants information concerning entering photographs in Exhibitions. He also asks for the addresses of secretaries, etc. If Mr. Fulchar would write the secretary of the Toronto Camera Club, or any other Canadian camera club which sponsors photographic salons, he will receive all the necessary information desired.

Color Work

I am giving the following letter in full, as it raises some interesting points on this subject. The letter is from John W. Dickson of Toronto, who writes as follows:

"After seeing some of your colored slides, I have taken the liberty of writing to you for some advice on the subject of exposure of Dufaycolor. Though you yourself use the Kodachrome, I thought you might have some experience with the Dufay. My camera, an Exata Model B, takes 127 film and therefore Dufay is the only color film I can use. My meter is a Bewi junior, of the visual extinction type, and though quite reliable on land, it is all too apt to betray me when there is much reflected light on water and snow. Since I am taking an ocean voyage shortly, I wondered if you could be so kind as to give me a little advice on the subject of ocean pictures."

I had an occasion quite recently to read a very inexpensive brochure published by the Dufaycolor Company, and obtainable in any photo-

graphic store. The question of exposure is very carefully explained in this book, and while the writer advises the use of an electric exposure meter, the information given in the brochure is so thorough that I believe more than passably good results can be obtained with this emulsion without the use of such an expensive instrument. Regarding the extinction type of meter, I think that with a very careful consideration for shadow detail, little difficulty should be experienced in getting the right reading. I still carry with me my Justaphot, which I purchased in 1924, and occasionally I use it to check up my more expensive electric meter.

Now, regarding ocean pictures, these obviously come under the heading of marine subjects, and if treated as such when taking the reading, no difficulty should be experienced in obtaining satisfactory results.

Color photography, as I have said so many times in these columns, is not at all difficult, providing ordinary common sense is used, but unfortunately the idea that it is unusually hard to work with has become prevalent. Again I want to suggest a subscription to one of the better known photographic magazines, all of which deal with this subject.

Filters

Dr. A. M. Revell of Edmonton, requests me to give him the name of the book I referred to when I was writing about this subject in the July 15 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. The name of the book is "Rendering Color in Monochrome" by Dr. Glover, and costs something less than a dollar.

A Kind Word

I want to thank G. C. Chisholm of Toronto for the following: "Dear Jay,

"For a long time I have been hoping you would start just such a column as you are now writing, and your first effort a few weeks ago gave some very useful hints on what to do.

"It seems to me you should have more space for articles and pictures, since there must be lots of readers like myself who get fed up with reading a lot of goings on in the daily papers all week about things in Europe. The camera provides a welcome and refreshing change to all that.

"So here's to a bigger column and lots about color work, which is what I am mainly interested in.

"With best wishes."

Many thanks, G. C. C., but to what extent this column will be used in the future, now that things in Europe are of paramount importance to us, I cannot say. That the camera provides a welcome and refreshing change is unquestionably true, and personally I see no reason why this refreshing experience cannot be carried on, of course with certain discretion, and at this moment I would like to warn all of my readers to use their cameras without any embarrassment to those in Canada who are working for our protection. A day or so ago, I saw a thoughtless individual attempting to use his camera in the vicinity of one of Toronto's armories. When politely told that this was against regulations, he became very indignant. Surely it is quite apparent to all that whatever regulations the Department of National Defence sees fit to enact, these regulations are for the good of everyone, and should be followed to the letter.

If any photographer experiences unpleasantness because of attempting to violate the measures, the fault is his as well as the consequences.

Well, cheerio and I still say "happy pictures".

• •

TRAVELERS

Mr. and Mrs. Boris Hambourg have returned to Toronto after spending five weeks in East Gloucester, Massachusetts, and New York. Major and Mrs. Harrison Gilmour were their guests in East Gloucester for a week. Mrs. Victor Sifton of Winnipeg and Brockville has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Fred McBride at "Gay Cedars," Baie d'Urfe.

Mrs. David Morrice has returned to Montreal from the Marshall House, York Harbor, Maine, where she spent the summer.



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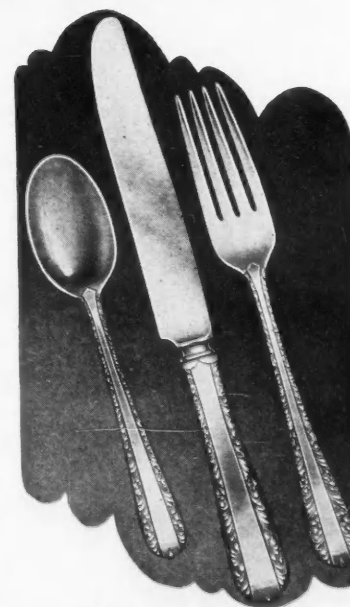
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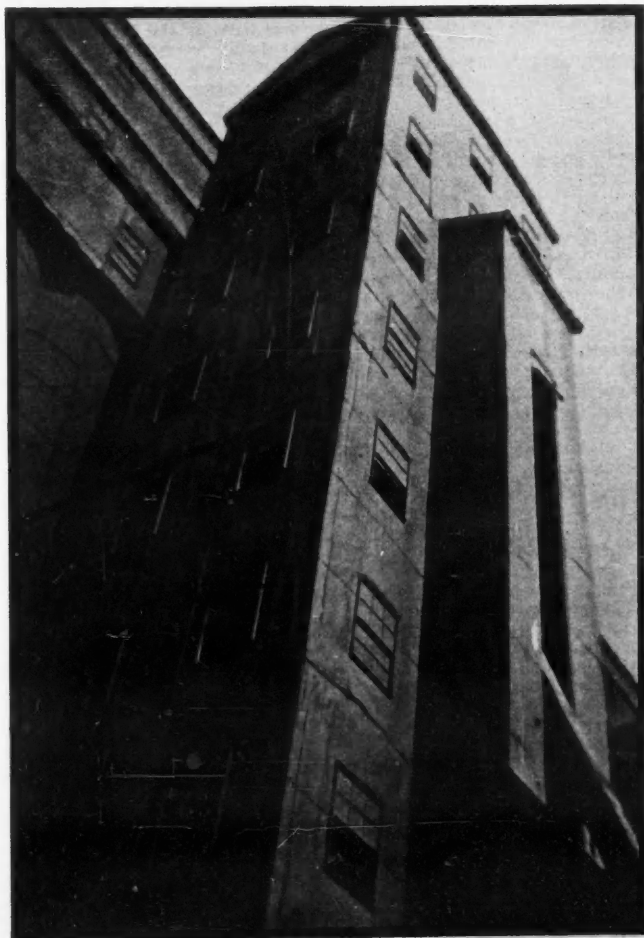


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THE SUN GOES DOWN over beautiful Lake Memphremagog in the Province of Quebec.

PORTS OF CALL

South to Lake Memphremagog

BY L. J. HARVEY

AS ONE drives south-east from Montreal over the broad flat river-plains of the Saint Lawrence, gradually one notices that the horizon to the south is becoming broken and soon the car is winding over the slopes of foothills. At last one reaches Lake Memphremagog, the largest in a chain of lakes throughout the Eastern Townships.

This lake may be compared to no sapphire encircled by hills. It is no remote jewel hidden jealously from the curious passerby. Its thirty-six miles attract the eyes of all tourists passing north and south all of whom comment on its beauty. Its natural loveliness alone charms those who gaze at its ever-changing surface. It is a lake of many moods; its waves change with the wind and the time

of day. There is mystery in its waters, and health on its shores. Its many bays and islands captivate the imagination while the rolling hills and rough mountains around it command attention.

An old inhabitant once remarked: "You never get tired looking at Orford," and his remark is full of poetry to those who know Orford. To Magog this mountain is a personality, a prophet, a weather-vane, foretelling storm and change of season. On clear days its curves are bold blue against the thin air; when cumulus-galleons sail over the sky, cloud-shadows darken the ridges and chase along the slopes. At sunset the mountain stands black against the orange and pink of the clouds, a sentinel.

ways, Georgeville now lies almost as still as the graveyard which crowns one of its hills. At the turn of the century its two hotels burnt to the ground and were never rebuilt. When the first railway pierced the Townships, it did not come near the village, and soon society, finding it too hard to approach, began to ignore it and left it to die like an undesirable no longer of use to anyone. One store looks over the village green, and a handful of houses, some graced with delicate fan windows and scrolled staircases. Its dusty roads wind up past the two white churches out into farm lands.

The cemetery itself has the mingled flavor of soft melancholy and nostalgia for other days so often found in little out-of-the-way graveyards. It tells the story of many young chil-

The Early Days

But Memphremagog is more than a haven for the nature-lover. It appeals as well to the student of early Canadian history, for its waters and shores have many tales to tell.

At one time Indian canoes knew every cove, and Indian travellers could make a complete journey over the trail which ran around the lake, and of which there are still traces. Abenakis camped here and fought with the Mohawks and Algonquins. Where the dying village of Georgeville now creaks in old age, the Princess Minnehaha lived on Wigwam Point. The lake itself was named by the St. Francis Indians—"the Lake of Many Waters." Rogers' men, on their return from the massacre of those Indians at the mouth of the St. Francis River, struggled past the lake on their way to safety further south, and had no time to admire the beauty of the surroundings as they fled over hostile gorges and through barren woods in the cold Fall of 1759.

Ghost Town

Forty years later pioneers began the long adventure of breaking in new land. By 1800 many families crossed the border in flight from the new America and settled on loyal Canadian territory. They had many obstacles to overcome; they endured endless toil; they fought unceasingly against wolf, catamount and Indian, but despite their hardships the tiny settlements increased. Soon Magog, at the north end of the lake, and Newport, Vermont, at the south, developed into thriving towns. Georgeville, ten miles south on the eastern shore, flowered into a fashionable summer-resort, frequented by gay ladies and gentlemen who cruised on the steamboat "The Mountain Maid" and shuddered at tales of the sea-serpent dwelling in the deeps by Owl's Head, and of Uriah Skinner, a daring smuggler whose bones were found in a cave where he used to hide and outwit the customs officers. Many tales of smugglers' bravado and achievement lie forever hidden under the enigmatic waves.

In comparison to Magog's busy



"THE GORGE" on the Magog River, near Sherbrooke in the Province of Quebec.—Photo courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway.

dren dying, unable to stand the strain of life in such a rough circumstance; it speaks mournfully of the spark of adventure, now quenched, which made settlers journey not only from Connecticut and New Hampshire, but from England, Scotland and Ireland. One Irish settler was visited by all the local gentry who could not restrain their curiosity to see what a real Irishman looked like!

Old texts bedeck the stones—"Gone but not forgotten," "Worthy to be remembered," and the quaint but gloomy warning lingers in the mind of the idle reader, as is its purpose:

"Look on this tombstone, passerby, As you are now, so once was I. As I am now, so you will be, Prepare for death and follow me."

Mary Diademina, Increase Bullock, Wealthy Cox and Little Frederick all sleep serenely on the side of the hill. Around them other hills billow and roll, and near them the lake sings in the wind, oblivious of the early struggle, but welcoming all newcomers who come to gaze and swim, sail over its waters and climb its mountain, but who return again and again to drink in its health, and absorb its tranquillity and wide loveliness.



FROM THE EARLY DAYS. Historic old Chambly Fort which played a stirring part in Quebec's history.—Photo courtesy Canadian National Railway.

Grand River Project

(Continued from Page 17)

30 feet square. Piers at each side of the spillway will extend upstream for 198 feet at an angle which will provide a guideway 280 feet in width at the opening, narrowing to width of spillway at the dam. On the downstream side the piers will extend for 100 feet at an angle providing an outlet 230 feet across at the tips. An important feature of the downstream construction will be the churning basin where a cleverly-designed bit of concrete work will permit the falling water from the spillway to expend its force before it resumes its way down the river. The purpose of the churning basin is to prevent erosion around the dam's foundation.

On each of the piers flanking the spillway will be erected a control house. One of these will contain equipment for operating the floodgates and also an auxiliary power plant in the form of a gasoline-driven generator. The other control house will give access to a tunnel, 179 feet long, which will run across the bottom of the spillway section. This tunnel, 9 feet high and 5 feet wide, will provide a working chamber from which necessary repairs can be made. A diamond drill can be operated at any point in the tunnel.

Construction of the remainder of the dam—the east and west wings—will be of clay and loose rock. Four hundred feet wide at the bottom, these tremendous ramparts slope upward at an angle of three feet horizontal to one foot vertical on the upstream side. On the downstream side the slope is more abrupt, the ratio being two feet horizontal to one foot vertical. The wings will be 30 feet wide at the top. This is what the casual visitor will see when the dam is completed, but it is fascinating to know that hidden below two feet of rip-rap (heavy loose rock face to resist wave action on the upstream side) there is a section of lighter rock 70 feet thick at the base of the dam grading up to three feet at the top. And beneath all this is a core of clay, impervious to water, which is securely anchored to a low key wall of concrete running through the centre of both wings. This clay core will be 260 feet thick at the base, sloping gradually to a width of 20 feet at the top.

the various municipalities. The largest quota goes to the largest contributor and is graded on that basis. With the demand for unskilled labor fluctuating rapidly, the heads of municipalities concerned are kept busy trying to figure whether or not they are getting their rights.

Preston and Waterloo carried an appeal to the Ontario Municipal Board against inclusion in the list of contributors to the conservation scheme and a judgment is pending. In the course of hearing this appeal an intimation was voiced by Chairman R. S. Coulter of the Municipal Board that municipalities now outside the scheme may be included in the cost "pool" if it is found they will benefit by the conservation plan. This might be construed to mean that townships along the river may be included, also municipalities on tributary streams, particularly if they have sewage disposal plants. Guelph and Elmira would be cases to illustrate this point.

Conestoga a Problem

Eventually, it is felt by engineers, the plan of conserving the waters of the Grand River valley must include a dam on the Conestoga River. Like the Grand, this river is fast flowing and in the spring it pours its waters down in dangerous fashion. Entering the Grand approximately midway between Elora and Kitchener, the Conestoga is 40 miles in length and drops in its bed of compacted boulders at an average rate of 13 feet per mile. The Grand, from its source to Elora, averages a drop of 11.6 feet per mile and from Elora to Brantford 6.7 feet per mile. It is its rock channel which renders the Grand so dangerous in flood time, and the boulder channel of the Conestoga permits that stream practically as great velocity, having in mind its greater average drop per mile. The drainage basins of both the Grand and Conestoga rivers consist chiefly of impervious clay which tends to aggravate flood conditions by lack of seepage.

Control of the Conestoga would give a greater margin of safety, both as regards domestic water supply and sewage disposal, for the cities below that river's junction with the Grand. No doubt this added development will come in due time. Just now the spotlight is on Fergus.

The accompanying map, illustrating the extent of the Grand River drainage basin, was prepared by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission in connection with a report to the Ontario Government on the possibilities of conservation. Mr. James Mackintosh, Hydro staff engineer, made the report which was submitted in 1932. The site of the then proposed storage dam on the Grand is marked at Waldemar, north of the site finally chosen near Fergus. The site of a proposed dam on the Conestoga River at Hallen also is marked, as well as the site of the Luther marsh development. The present work is under the supervision of the Conservation Commission's chief engineer, Dr. H. G. Acres. The resident engineer is Mr. K. C. Fel-lows.

An Important Body

The Grand River Conservation Commission consists of 12 members as follows: Chairman, William Philip, retired banker, of Galt; Vice-Chairman, Marcel Pequegnat, city engineer, of Kitchener; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank P. Adams, city engineer, of Brantford; other members, Hugh Templin, editor of the Fergus News-Record, who suggested the chosen site and who has worked without ceasing to publicize the scheme and to have the dam erected near Fergus; Udney Richardson, Elora's leading citizen, who was born on the farm on which the big dam is being erected; Mayor Wesley McKersie of Waterloo; Mayor George Gordon of Kitchener; Mayor D. Beith of Preston; Mayor Dr. McKay of Galt; Mayor Allan Scott of Paris; Mayor Waters of Brantford, and E. T. Sterne, chemical engineer, also of Brantford.

The Commission has its roots in the combined efforts of Boards of Trade along the Grand River. Ten years ago valuable service was rendered by C. G. Cockshutt of Brantford who, as president of the federated Boards, steered the conservation plan through stormy times until the first Commission was formed. Serving without remuneration for years, it was only this summer that the Ontario Municipal Board recognized in a tangible way the valuable work of these Commissioners. The Board ruled that an allowance of \$10 for each regular meeting attended, in addition to travel expenses, may be paid to each Commissioner out of Commission funds. These payments were made retro-active to July 1938.

TRAVELERS

Mr. Fergus MacLaren, son of General and Mrs. MacLaren, of Ottawa, will enter the Royal Military College this autumn as gentleman-cadet.

The Honorable Marguerite Shaughnessy has returned to Montreal from St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, where she spent several weeks at the Algonquin Hotel.

Mrs. John P. Cundill has returned to Montreal from St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, where she was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mackay for several weeks.

Hon. and Mrs. L. A. Taschereau have returned to Quebec from their summer residence at the Pointe, Rivière du Loup.

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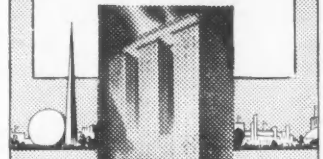
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Announcements

ENGAGEMENTS

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. A. Rutan, Port Arthur, announce the engagement of their daughter, Susan Andrina, to James Frederick William Ross, son of Douglas G. Ross, M.P., Toronto. Marriage to take place in Port Arthur, September 14, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. E. Knowlton announce the engagement of their daughter, Joan Ethel, to Mr. William Joseph Ayers, son of Mr. M. H. Ayers and the late Mrs. Ayers, of Toronto. The marriage will take place on September 30th at St. John's Church, York Mills.



MISS JANE D. VOGEL, whose engagement to Mr. R. H. Lorimer Massie of Toronto, was recently announced. Miss Vogel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Frederick Vogel of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. James, also of Milwaukee. Mr. Massie is the son of Mr. Massie and the late Lieut.-Colonel Robert F. Massie, D.S.O., of Toronto. The wedding will take place the latter part of February.

THOSE PRESENT

BY BERNICE COFFEY

Lieutenant Robin Scott, R.N., Commander of the Household, and Captain David Walker, Aide-de-Camp, have left for the United Kingdom on relinquishing their appointments on the Governor-General's Staff.

Commander Edson C. Sherwood, R.C.N., has taken up his appointment as Aide-de-Camp to His Excellency the Governor-General.

Their Excellencies' visitors' book will, until further notice, be at No. 11, Rideau Gate (the Cottage inside Government House grounds at the gate of the main entrance).

At French Legation

The Minister of France and the Countess de Dampierre entertained at dinner on the evening of Wednesday, August 30, at the French Legation residence in honor of the Duke de Levis-Mirepoix, Mr. Jacques de Lacretelle, of the Academie Francaise, and Madame Lacretelle and Mr. Jerome Doindron. The Rt. Hon. the Prime Minister and Hon. Ernest Lapointe were among the guests.

The Duke de Levis-Mirepoix, of Paris, France, is the guest of the Minister of France and the Countess de Dampierre.

Garden Party

Choosing the day to coincide with the New Brunswick Medical Association Convention, Mr. Norman F. and the Hon. Cairine Wilson entertained at their annual garden party at "Clibrig," St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, on Tuesday, August 29.

Debutante Ball

Debutantes of Hamilton, Toronto and other cities will attend the Golden Ball which is to take place in Hamilton on Friday, October 13, under the auspices of the Hamilton Junior League. Miss Muriel Bostwick, who recently returned from the Stoney Lake summer residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bostwick, is president of the Hamilton Junior League. Mrs. F. W. White is in charge of decorations for the ball. Mrs. A. B. Smith of Dundas, formerly Ann O'Reilly of Hamilton, will direct the cabaret entertainment. Miss Monnie Moncur is deep in plans for games. Miss Alexandra Greening will direct arrangements for the debutantes.

Supper Party

Colonel and Mrs. Norman Leslie, of Kingston, Ont., who have been spending the summer at Far Hills Inn, Val Morin, Que., were hosts at a supper and bridge party on Wednesday, August 30, at which the following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cook, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Miss Audrey Cook, Miss Dorothy Cook, Mr. Herbert Cook, Mr. Desmond Farrell, Mrs. Henry Joseph, Madame Serra, of Italy, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. MacLaren, Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Eberts, Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Owen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cecil McDougall, of Montreal.

Lady Tute Honored

Miss Eldred Macdonald, of Toronto, was hostess at an informal tea in

honor of Lady Tute, who is Regent of a chapter of the I.O.D.E. in Nassau, and Miss Gordon-Stables of London, England. Miss Elizabeth Dixon presided at the flower-centred table, and Mrs. Hillyard Robinson and Mrs. Patterson Farmer assisted the hostess. Among the guests, who included some of the members of the order who were in town, were: Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. W. G. Lumbers, Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. J. A. McLeod, Mrs. George Dunbar, Mrs. Angus MacMurchy, Mrs. Victor Ross, Miss Stewart Galt, Mrs. E. S. Duggan, and others.

Vancouver Debut

Miss Madeleine Cantelon, who was presented to Their Majesties in London this summer, made her debut in Vancouver on Tuesday, August 29, when her mother, Mrs. Percival McKergow, was "at home" in her honor.

White gladioli were blended with blue hydrangea on the tea table, at which presided Mrs. James Leslie of Vernon, Mrs. A. D. McRae, Mrs. G. F. Laing, Mrs. Walter F. Evans, Mrs. M. E. Nichols, Mrs. Austin Taylor, Mrs. J. C. Ross, Mrs. George Kidd, Mrs. S. D. Brooks, Mrs. J. E. McMullen, Mrs. H. S. Tobin, Mrs. Cecil Merritt, Mrs. T. A. Spencer, Mrs. Richard Bell-Irving, Mrs. A. E. Jukes and Mrs. Watkin Boulthbee.

Cutting the ices were Miss Ruth MacLean, Mrs. Lucille McRae Paul, Mrs. Norman Whittall, Mrs. Gus Lyons, Mrs. D. G. Marshall, Mrs. H. F. G. Letson, Mrs. Lefevre Baker and Mrs. R. P. Baker.

At the punch table were Mrs. Norman McKee Lang, Mrs. Christopher Morrison, Mrs. Frank Hebb, Miss Beatrice Merritt and Mrs. Ronald Hopkins.

Serving the guests were Miss Barbara and Miss Diana Spencer, Miss Nancy and Miss Barbara Burns, Miss Betty Jukes, Miss Mary Arkell, Miss Mary Farrell, Miss Madge Foster, Miss Marion Greer, Miss Jean Dawson, Miss Marybeth DesBrisay and Miss Elizabeth Locke.

The garden of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. McKergow was transformed into an outdoor ballroom when Mrs. McKergow entertained later in the week for her daughter.

Many dinner parties were arranged before the ball. Mrs. Austin Taylor entertained at Jericho Golf and Country Club in honor of Miss Cantelon and Miss Barbara Spencer, another of this season's debutantes. Covers were laid for Miss Audrey Reifel, Miss Diana Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Newbury, Miss Esme Bull, Miss Barbara Burns, Miss Marybeth DesBrisay,

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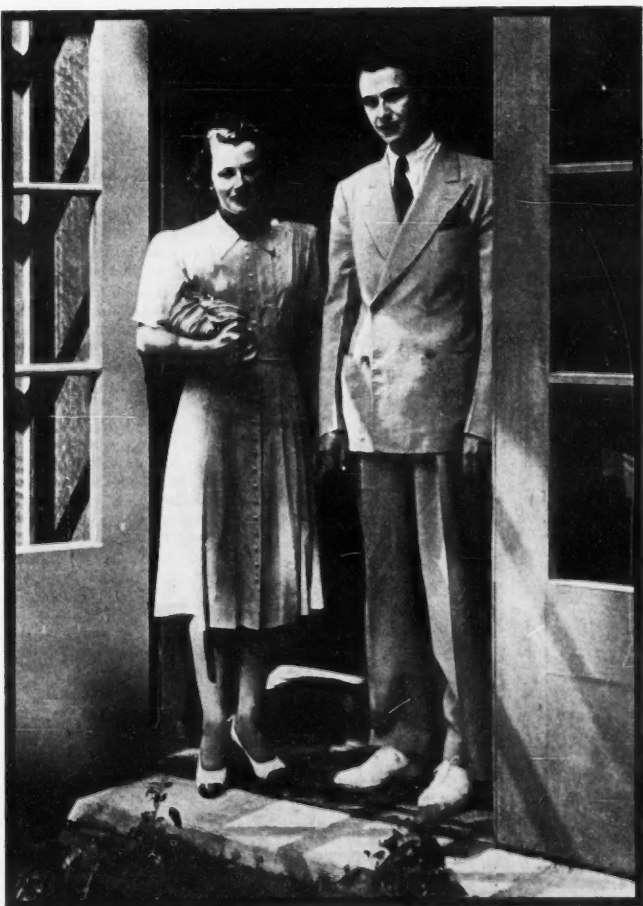
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MR. AND MRS. R. B. PATTINSON of Toronto, photographed at the Seignior Club, P.Q., during a recent visit.



A RECENT STUDY of Miss Frances Loring, of Toronto, president of the Women's Art Association of Canada.

—Photograph by Violet Keene.



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WORLD of WOMEN

Best Sellers - - Now and in 1830

BY BERNICE COFFEY

AMONG recent "best sellers" are numerous books filled with advice to the modern spinster on how to get the most out of life. Alice Leone Moats pioneered the field with "Nice Girls Don't Swear". The low-down on how to slay them with clothes bought on big and little clothes budgets was presented in "Designing Women". Marjorie Hillis, who gave the lie to her own prescription by being married the other day, told how to "Live Alone and Like It".

Perhaps you, too, thought these were a manifestation of our times along with double features at the movies, trans-Atlantic air mail, and Dorothy Thompson. At any rate we did until we saw "The Young Lady's Book", circa 1830, which has been in the possession of the Garner family of Regina for over a century.

Bound in faded crimson brocade taffeta, now slightly frayed about the edges, its 505 pages present a delightful picture of the activities of the young woman of the time. In those Junior League-less days, the activities and interests of the younger set were extremely varied and tended to be "elevating". The chapters lead off with Moral Department—"Gently, imperceptibly, but most certainly, will she imbue with her own purity and beneficence the atmosphere in which she moves; softening the obdurate, correcting the depraved, and encouraging the timid". This writer is followed by others who lead the reader into such bewildering subjects as botany, mineralogy, conchology, entomology, the aviary. The toilette (cosmetics are completely ignored), embroidery, and such accomplishments as painting, music, dancing, archery and riding, are treated fully.

"Although the Toilet should never be suffered to engross so much of the attention as to interfere with the higher duties of life, yet, as a young lady's dress, however simple, is considered a criterion of her taste, it is, certainly, worthy of her attention. Her chief object, in this respect, should be, to acquire sufficient skill and good taste to do all that is needful, with regard to the attire, in the least possible period of time,—to abbreviate the labors of the Toilet, so as not to entrench upon hours which should be devoted to the useful avocations of life, or the embellishments of the mind." My pet, you didn't have to sit under a hair-dryer as your finger-wave baked dry with only a year-old movie magazine to keep you company.

The Ornamental Artist

When the ornamental verbiage is stripped down to the bone, however, one finds a surprising amount of information as sound today as it was then. For instance in the chapter headed "The Escritoire,"—"A letter of recommendation is a letter of business, and should be composed with care; it is a guarantee, to the extent of its language, for the party recommended; truth, therefore, should never be sacrificed to condescension, false kindness, or politeness. To write a letter of recommendation contrary to one's opinion and knowledge of the person recommended, is to be guilty of great imprudence." However, in the same chapter the writer fills six pages telling her readers how to use sealing wax and a seal. Three other pages contain directions on how to get the most satisfactory results from a quill pen.

The Ornamental Artist had innumerable suggestions for her readers. Crimped paper hand screens, lavender

and allspice baskets, artificial fruits, boxes with bead or shell trimmings, and directions for making them were included in her chapter. Modelling in clay and plaster, and casting in plaster and sulphur, were described fully. Perhaps all this explains why parents married off their daughters at a tender age.

No Master Touches

In Dancing the writer points out the fine distinction between professional dancing and that of the accomplished amateur. "To emulate the master-touches of the painter or musician, is deemed meritorious in almost every class of society; the amateur who either wields the brush or touches the piano, adopts the same style, and occasionally rivals the execution of the professor; but public and private dancing are so exceedingly different from each other, that what may be deemed a beauty in the one, would justly be considered a defect in the other; it is the ambition of the artist to astonish and delight; the lady who joins in a quadrille, aspires only to glide through figure with easy and unobtrusive grace."

The writer is quite stern about the question of dancing posture. "The body should never be suffered to sink into idle attitudes; as rounding the back, forcing the shoulders up to the ears, projecting the back part of the waist, or stooping forward; such careless habits, if long permitted, eventually produce local deformities. Affectation of primness is as much to be avoided as indolence; the admirable union of ease and grace, which constitutes elegance of deportment, can never be obtained by those who indulge in either of these faults. The body should always be kept in a easy and unaffected, erect position, except in the execution of certain



TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION are seen with one visitor to the beach applying a sports gelee for a tan, while the other uses a sunproof cream to keep her skin fair.

—Photograph courtesy Elizabeth Arden.

steps which require the bust to be thrown a little forward; but, even in these cases, care must be taken that the body does not lose its perfect balance. The chest should be advanced, the waist retreating, and the shoulders, by being brought to range evenly with the back, appear of their proper breadth, and form a graceful contrast to the waist."

Will someone ask the orchestra to play "Booms-A-Daisy"?



LILY SIMEON, a belle of the Stoney tribe, tucks a modern bobby-pin in her coal-black hair and then adds a feather or two to complete her vivid costume for the Indian Days celebration at Banff Springs.



MRS. PATRICK ASHLEY COOPER, wife of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company who, with her husband, has been much feted during their visit in Canada. The picture was taken in the gardens of the Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C.

Bustle and Basque

BY ISABEL MORGAN

THE quaintness which has appeared in such clothes as bustle and basque dresses, has likewise influenced evening handbags, and among the prettiest of them are oval miniatures shaped like old-fashioned locket, giant size, and made of gold

a coiffure that needs only a quick combing and fresh flower to make a slick showing in the evening. Here's how. They tie a ribbon, half an inch wide around the head and roll the ends of the bob smoothly on it, so that the roll runs half around the head ending high above each ear. This is secured with invisible hairpins, or bobby pins put in so they don't show. The ribbon is tied tightly in a bow on top of the head. This coiffure looks young and pretty, can be practically guaranteed to stay unruffled in any wind and prevents permanent ends from going "fuzzy" in the dampness. And the result at night—a well-shaped bob with smooth shiny ringlets.

Take Your Choice

Looks as if most any woman could have what she likes this Fall. Her bustle in front or rear, a slim straight skirt or a draped one; front fullness, side fullness, a sixteen gored skirt or a slim circular effect made by the introduction of low godets. She may have a Russian blouse or a dress with a short peplum, a tunic skirt or just a plain fairly wide skirt that is graceful, easy to walk in and it may be coffee bean brown, wine, red or plum with a plaid in green with pink and pale lavender, or it may be a low-waisted little wool number in amethyst or red with a pleated skirt. Shirrings in the bodice and full topped sleeves give the desired slim-waisted effect considerable help but a front lace or a back lace corset will do even more for it. The combination of both gives the hour-glass effect but one can't tell what time it is—1890 or 1940.

For a Simpler Life

Absorbent cotton in separate squares are a new convenience for the dressing table. They are called Dabs and are contained in a tall cardboard box with a lift-up tab from which the box may be suspended when hung on a nail in the bathroom or near the spot where you "do" your face. Another tab at the base of the box also lifts up, and from this open space one takes out the squares as they are needed. There are fifty-four dabs in each box, and the whole thing costs no more than a couple of car tickets.

Another thing to make life less complicated at a small price is a powder puff made of air-foam rubber. This has a small slit in the side into which you place, with the small spatula that accompanies the puff, enough powder to last for days and days. A few brisk taps and the powder starts to circulate through the tiny rubber cells. Once started the gentlest pat-pat on your face delivers all the powder you need, and in between times it won't spill out. Of course it washes like a sponge.

Clank! Clank!

At Schiaparelli's recent opening everyone was much interested in the jewellery she showed. It included clinking bib necklaces of gold coins, bird-cage pendants, bird clips, fobs and necklaces of dice, buttons like spinning tops, enormous pendants and dripping strands of stones and gold at front and worn below high necklines. Handbags were bulky rectangles on thick frames, and there was a chased gold vanity box with a keyhole opening.

TRAVELERS

Colonel H. Willis O'Connor and Master Raymond Willis O'Connor have returned to Ottawa from the Pacific Coast and Alaska.

Mrs. W. H. Rowley has returned to Ottawa from her summer house at Murray Bay.

Out of the Kitchen

Our visual sense is pleasantly tickled by some of the season's new cosmetic colors. The names have a spicy aroma as if the kitchen cabinet door were left ajar. We can almost taste the caramelish "burnt sugar" color for which Elizabeth Arden make-up has been devised to make the picture complete.

Another to pick a kitchen color for fall is Frances Denney, whose new make-up ensemble is to be christened "cinnamon stick." This shade is on the warm and spicy side. The lipstick comes in a matching cinnamon brown case and there are cinnamon foundation lotion and powder to give you the appetizing look of cinnamon toast. Yum yum.

Hood Hat

Some clever ideas for travelling, from England, include a felt hood tied under the chin and slit to permit a few curls to be pulled through, on to which is buttoned either a high flaring pillbox or a breton brim. The position of the slits is varied according to the wearer's hair. Another felt travel hat consists of small flat crowns and mushroom brim with a veil caught onto a slightly shaped felt strap which buttons round the neck. The latter serves to keep the hat on firmly and the hair in place and when not used for travelling it buttons over the crown giving greater height. Veiling drapes softly over the brim.

Nantucket Bobs

On the island of Nantucket this summer girls with long debutante bobs seem to have solved the problem of how to play tennis, swim, sail and cycle in the wet breezes and yet keep

ART AND ARTISTS

All-Canadian Show at the C.N.E.

BY GRAHAM McINNES

THE financial doldrums in which both World's Fairs currently languish might be taken as evidence that what people want from fairs is not culture but entertainment. It is possible, of course, to combine the two; but it is also risky. The C.N.E. has always plumped squarely for entertainment, and the art exhibition has taken its cue from the management, providing what the public likes to see rather than what it is thought the public ought to see. And if, among the chaff, there is a fair sprinkling of goodly grain, everyone is satisfied.

This has been the pattern of C.N.E. art exhibitions for the last five years, and perhaps it is just as well; for the difficulty of obtaining fine works of art from abroad has been increasingly complicated by the international situation and, latterly, by the World's Fairs. So this year, the exhibition committee wisely decided to have an all-Canadian show. Even here, though, outside forces were felt, for the best available contemporary work was down at Flushing with the National Gallery's exhibition of Canadian art. To make up for this deficiency, the directors have widened the historical scope of their show, taking us back to Kane, Kriehoff and the early topographers, while the National Gallery has loaned a number of recent works which fill in some of the gaps.

THE exhibition is divided into five sections. In two of these—water-colors and graphic art—the work is excellent. It is a real pleasure to see the combination of solid craftsmanship and creative drive: it makes you feel strongly that leadership has passed, for a time at least, into the hands of these workers in the minor media. Or is it that the rich complexity of oil painting—in which men have found their most complete expression—is really beyond the achievement of a young nation? No: it's hardly that. The oil section is the poorest in the show, but that does not prove that we

cannot paint good oils, for there are many here. All it proves is that most of our painters have for the last fifteen years been following one of two trends, neither of which was genuinely concerned with the true structure of paint. Those grouped broadly under the academic banner have been interested in surface qualities only; those on the Group of Seven's bandwagon have been interested in flat pattern. None of them has been interested in creating, in and through paint alone, "something solid and permanent like the old masters."

THIS may seem a dry and academic distinction; but compare Jackson's rich canvases with those of his genre and the difference is startling. Or compare the arid stylized canvas all too prevalent in Toronto with the luscious, yet well-held paintings by the artists from Montreal (men like Louis Muhlstock, Goodridge Roberts and Philip Surrey) where there is a stronger tradition in painting. It all boils down to this: that we're more interested in what we paint than how we paint it. This, of course, doesn't mean that we need to despair. In a young country it is what we paint that is at first important; it's the only way of throwing off foreign influence and regaining your self-respect. Still, just for the record, let it be said that we have been passing through this stage for a generation now, and it's time we left it behind.

The 19th century stuff is interesting, especially the lithographs of Upper and Lower Canada, after Coke-Smyth. Nor will you easily forget Cullen's snowscape, Sandham's painting of the Piazza San Marco or Homer Watson's stump pullers. Curtis Williamson's portrait of the late William Cruikshank is one of the best things in the show. And while you're over at the Graphic Arts Building, the photographs are well worth visiting. Thoreau MacDonald's catalogue as usual matches the elusive essence of what Canada can be in art; in fact it's a lot more pleasing than many of the 2240 exhibits.

ABOUT FOOD

No Help From the Rural Route

BY CYNTHIA BROWN

SUMMER moves on apace. By the time this appears in print it may even have moved on a couple of paces, bringing a few crisp cold nights to remind us we have a dandy winter in the bag. The Hunter's moon, red and full, set behind the hill at six o'clock this morning, a sight I saw entirely by mistake. I must admit, and a very fine sight it was in the West with the sky as blue as porcelain. I postponed any further investigation into what was obviously going to be another fine day for shorts and a shirt, and went back to bed without reluctance.

Yesterday the R.F.D. man brought me *La Vie Parisienne* and *Marie Claire* for the 12th. of August, from France. Obviously a gift from a well wisher on improving my mind. The mailman usually lingers amiably "to see if there's a letter you'd be wishin' to re-address on," and I can only suppose, to learn from my expression or dejection as much as he can of my correspondence. I am glad the two hotel envelopes cleverly used as a wrapper obviated any necessity of explaining *La Vie Parisienne*. *Marie Claire* I might have claimed as a memento of a columnist we, on SATURDAY NIGHT, have missed too long. It's a magazine our own late *Marie Claire*'s name honors, but I found its *raison d'être* from C.B.'s point of view was a magnificent double page spread headed "4 Summer Fish and 52 ways of cooking them." Aha! said I.

The first seven recipes were for cooking eels. Quietly putting down that lovely French magazine *Marie Claire* on the sitting room table where it would impress our next visitors, we picked up the new black kitten and drifted out to a basket chair on the lawn.

When journalism next overtook us we decided to learn a lot about fish next week, preferably mackerel, a handsome, fish-shaped fish. Meanwhile we decided to concentrate on a late summer menu that could be used complete, if your cook has come home from her holidays full of steam, or used for its individual items. Here it is, with choices.

Honey Dew Melon Balls
or
Cantaloupe quarters with preserved ginger and half limes
Fillets of lake whitefish on cress.
Egg plant baked with cheese
or
Corn pudding
Oven-fried chicken
or
Wiener snitzel.
Sweet potato and almond croquettes
Fresh bean salad with bacon dressing

Crème Brûlée with Fresh Peaches

Those little instruments they sell in Woolworths do a very pretty job of scooping balls out of a melon. Canteloupes are a favorite French preliminary to a meal. The French don't go scooping out things and fiddling with them, they depend on the goodness of the fruit or vegetable itself. You can guess where my sympathies lie. But a quarter of a canteloupe sprinkled with chopped preserved ginger over which you squeeze a cut lime is delicious; otherwise pick a ripe melon and let it speak for itself.

Lake whitefish is a splendid fish, next to trout in flavor on the fresh water list, but a fraction of the price, it is also quite frightfully boney. Remember to tell your fishmonger to fillet it. Sprinkle it generously with salt and pepper, roll it in flour and fry it in lard to which you have added salt. Lay the cooked fillets on a closely packed bed of water cress and set lemon slices down the centre with a big centre circle at the head grading down to a small tip circle at the tail.

Egg plant and corn are topical vegetables. Take your choice.

Egg Plant With Cheese

Put the egg plants in a bowl and pour boiling water over them. When they have stood ten minutes take them out, wipe, peel and slice them in three quarters of an inch slices. Season well and fry, putting the pieces as they cook on a hot plate. Cut the slices in smallish pieces and lay in layers in a baking dish pouring thinish white sauce over each layer and sprinkling well with grated cheese. Put breadcrumbs on the top, dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven till brown.

Corn Pudding

At this time of year this is good made with freshly boiled corn cut off the cob and seasoned with salt and pepper. Mix two cupsfuls of corn with one cupful of toasted bread crumbs. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add them to a cupful and a half of milk, then stir in the corn and crumbs. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, pour into a buttered baking dish, dot the top with butter and cook in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

Oven-Fried Chicken

Cut up a fair sized chicken and brown the pieces in the frying pan, add salt and pepper, and when the pieces have browned pour on enough



FOR DAYS OF TRAVEL—a suit of grey flannel with a smart umbrella stitched skirt. Worn with it for the feminine touch—an orchid and a dainty lingerie blouse with stand-up lace ruffled around the neck.

water to cover nearly all the chicken, cover and put in a moderate oven for two hours. Turn the pieces over once while baking. Put the chicken on a hot platter, and make a gravy by adding flour to the liquid left in the pan the chicken cooked in. Stir hard, add a little milk and cook till thick, season well, strain and serve.

Wiener Snitzel

This is veal, and don't tell me it is indigestible. Done this way it isn't.

Buy veal steak from the leg, where you would expect to find round steak if the creature were full grown. Sure, veal is immature meat, and none the worse for that. You don't refuse broilers because they are immature roosters do you? Don't let the butcher put you off with steaks from down near the elbow. . . I suppose it is an elbow. If you do it will be stringy. Have it cut very very thin, about a quarter of an inch is ideal. Then make him hit the steak a terrific swat, first on one side then on the other with his wide, flat, cleaver. That'll teach it not to be tough, or indigestible either. The cook will cut it up into neat little patties. (The odd little bits can be cooked in the same pan and saved to put through the mincer tomorrow for rissoles.) Season some very fine breadcrumbs generously. Dip the patties into beaten egg and milk well mixed for you don't want a thick crust of custard, and then in the crumbs. Brown them on each side, then set them over a very slow fire to cook for about twenty minutes. Serve them in barely overlapping rows down a platter, every other one covered with a slice of lemon on which a curled anchovy lies. Each guest with brains will appreciate the fact that he is to take two snitzels, one plain one puri.

Sweet Potato Croquettes

Choose medium sized sweet potatoes, bake them and scoop out the pulp, and put it through the potato ricer. Add salt, butter and a well beaten egg. Take some blanched almonds and chop and pound them into a paste, and add enough milk to make them creamy, mix the almonds in with the sweet potato mixture, shape into rounds, dip in flour, egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Yellow Bean Salad

Cut the beans up finely and boil in well salted water, drain and add bacon dressing. The dressing is made by dicing four slices of leanish bacon and frying, add half a small onion chopped and cook until tender. Stir in a quarter of a cup of vinegar, a quarter of a teaspoon of paprika, a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of sugar. Mix this into the bean salad while both the beans and the dressing are warm.

Crème Brûlée

Crème brûlée is supposed to be a tricky thing to make, but if you keep your eye on the ball and never let it boil all will be well. Boil a pint of cream for one minute and then pour slowly over four egg yolks. Heat almost to the boiling point stirring all the time, add half a teaspoon of vanilla and then pour it into a baking dish to cool. Sprinkle half a cupful of brown sugar over the top, and put under the broiler until the sugar is melted and there is a crust. Chill and serve with fresh peaches.

With which I leave you to go and translate fish recipes from *Marie Claire*—or is it the jokes from *La Vie Parisienne*? You never know.

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THE Week End

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DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA.

Baked Fish Cakes

2 Cupfuls of flaked fish (cooked or canned)
2 Cupfuls of bread crumbs
2 Teaspoonful of salt
2 Teaspoonful of pepper
2 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
2 Eggs
2 Cupful of milk

Combine the flaked fish, the bread crumbs, seasonings, green pepper and lemon juice. Beat the eggs, combine with the milk and mix with the fish. Press into greased custard cups and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for about 1 1/2 hours. 6 to 8 servings. Serve unmoulded with egg sauce to which onion has been added. Garnish with parsley or watercress.

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THE BACK PAGE

Visit to Potsdam

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

I WONDER about them now. A great deal has happened since I saw them in 1922. To be Jewish in Berlin was nothing special then, though a young German student warned my husband and me.

"You ought not to stay with that Jewish family while you are here." "Why not? We're comfortable and the Rosenfelds speak some English." "You ought to stay with a German family to understand the life."

"They're German. They're Reformed Jews."

He jerked his hand impatiently. "They're Jews."

When I read of Jews being barred from the stage, I thought of Jacob. That was their trouble then. The Rosenfelds had troubles then, of course, but they were the same troubles other people had. Poverty and a son wanting to go on the stage.

Frau Rosenfeld cried a little when she told me about Jacob. He was nineteen, the oldest of her children, a brown, silent, blunt-faced, rather stupid looking boy. He had a passion for the stage. He showed me pictures of well-known actors and actresses and while he turned them over his face opened and lighted. His parents had done everything to induce him to give it up. It was their great trouble, his mother said, that and poverty. Nothing could stop him.

"He will not go to school. He will not get work. He cannot—what you say—settle his mind. He is like one mad."

She put up her hand to her smooth black hair. Her steady face was not a crying face even when she cried.

The parents had given up the contest six months before and the boy had begun to visit managers and agencies. He had been visiting them ever since. He must have made himself a nuisance, she said, for now the only place from which he could expect anything had told him to stay away and they would write to him if they had an opening. That was why he watched so intently for the letters. I had noticed that. Three times every day Jacob waited at the turn of the stairs to meet the letter carrier. But in a month nothing had come for him.

"He trust me," his mother said sadly. "If he be away he trust me to give him the letter. But no letter come, *gruss Gott!*"

MY HUSBAND went on to Vienna and I was to follow him in a little while. Frau Rosenfeld watched my face for an interpretation of the hopeful phrase "a little while." I was their only boarder and she could not let me go. Stout, pale little Herr Rosenfeld rested every day after lunch in the drawing room. He was not well, she must not worry him with talk of the way prices were rising. She depended on my good Canadian board money and she must keep me interested so that I would stay.

Every day, her basket on her arm, using patient English in my presence even to the children, she took me to market with her to watch the flying price of margarine—seventy-five marks yesterday, ninety-four today—and search out a gummy substitute for the whipped cream which she supposed to be indispensable to me. "I don't care for whipped cream at all," I told her. She shook her head. All Canadians, all Americans must have whipped cream.

There were the museums for afternoons and the zoo and the botanical garden. Frau Rosenfeld planned my days and carried out her plans with sombre devotion. Nevertheless, I felt guilty at staying longer in the crowded apartment. There was no place in it where one could not hear talking or the elaborate gestures of someone trying not to talk. The children's big room had been arranged for me and the exiled children thrust into corners and clothes presses so that at night there was no room which did not contain at least one sleeper. Jacob with his stage photographs was crammed into a tiny study and the servant slept in an alcove off the kitchen. While I dressed, to the suppressed chatter of Gretchen and Fritz and Marta, the English word "baby" stencilled in blue across the doors of the white wardrobe, stared at me reproachfully.

All the younger children had rickets from deficient feeding during the war. They were the thinnest children I had ever seen. Fritz had some kind of nervous disorder. He would scream suddenly in street cars or at the market and Frau Rosenfeld would hold him against her side, patting his ridged little back while his cropped head rolled wildly on her hip.

WHEN I received another letter postmarked "Wien," Frau Rosenfeld suggested a trip to Potsdam with Jacob. The younger children must not go—she would take them for a picnic to Grinewald. Jacob was not enthusiastic but under his mother's commanding eyes, he summoned up a look of pallid interest. He could not be ready to start, however, until the morning mail had come.

We walked from the train a long way through the clean, well-spaced woods to Ferch. Jacob's English was only less than my German but we passed the phrase book back and forth. His mother had whispered to him urgently. I must enjoy the trip. Jacob, carrying the lunch basket, watched me for signs of enjoyment.

We sat under the trees high above the blue water of the Caputhensee with our backs to a rose-covered cottage and ate rye bread, cheese and boiled eggs. We were drowsed with the sun, blind with the sparkle of the water and from the orchard behind us came the whisper of bees, now loud, now low. There was no other sound.

Jacob's hand went to his breast pocket, faltered away, fidgeted and at last drew out a thick brown envelope. We had been eating big black cherries with crimson stones and our lips and fingers were crimson. He glanced at me and the entreaty in his eyes roused me to nod and smile interestedly. There was nobody else for him to talk to.

He dwelt on each photograph, telling me at length the parts in which each actor had excelled. His face shone. The water slapped softly below us and Jacob's voice hurried on, rapturously eager. It did not matter that I understood almost nothing he said.

His crimson fingers touched reverently the brown cardboard rectangles. There would be one more, his glowing dark eyes assured me. In a few years one more picture—that of an actor greater than all the rest. He would show me, he would show them all. His picture was there already among the others, if only the rest of us could see it.

Suddenly he stirred, glanced round, and leaned over to look at my wrist watch. It was time for the noon mail to be delivered at home. He frowned and gathered up the pictures. Without speaking he led the way to the steamer wharf.

HE WAS silent all through the trip down the Caputhensee and I followed him in silence across the empty stone square of Potsdam, past buildings crawling with cupids to the grounds of Sanssouci. Then, remembering his mother's instructions, he began to talk again. Nodding dutifully, he pointed out the tormented evergreens that bordered the long flight of shallow steps and waved at the low yellow palace set like a cake ornament at the top.

Did I want to go inside? His face puckered anxiously. I must be amused—he was ready to go with me. But a long queue waited outside the door and there were so many rooms to peer through at a foot's pace. He pointed to the waiting line, solicitous and afraid.

No, I shook my head. I was tired and there were too many people. We would look at the gardens and go home. Jacob beamed at me.

But now he had to be patient while I examined the arbors and colonnades and rockeries of that petrified Versailles. His eyes wandered past the stucco nymphs and centaurs and on our way back to the railway station I could scarcely keep up with him. He was silent in the train. As we approached the apartment building, he was almost running. He had not missed receiving the mail before in all the month of his vigil. I went down the hall to my room while he burst into the drawing room to look at the table where the letters were laid.

THE door of my room stood open. Frau Rosenfeld stood by the window. She was breathing fast; she must have hurried there when she saw us coming. In the hall Gretchen and Marta hung on Jacob's arms asking envious questions about the day's outing and for the moment he could not shake them off. Mine was the only room which the children never entered and Frau Rosenfeld had taken refuge there. She looked round at me without speaking. Her eyes were swollen. In her hand she held a letter.

I laid my hat on the bed wondering whether I ought to speak to her or slip away and leave her alone. But as I moved toward the door she came and grasped my wrist.

"Mother," Jacob called in English. He stood on the threshold.

"Yours," she said to me in a broken, urgent voice and pushed the letter into my hand.

I looked at the envelope. It bore a typewritten address, "Jacob Rosenfeld". The boy looked anxiously at me and I looked down. There was a second's humming silence and then Jacob asked his mother in his thick, hesitant English,

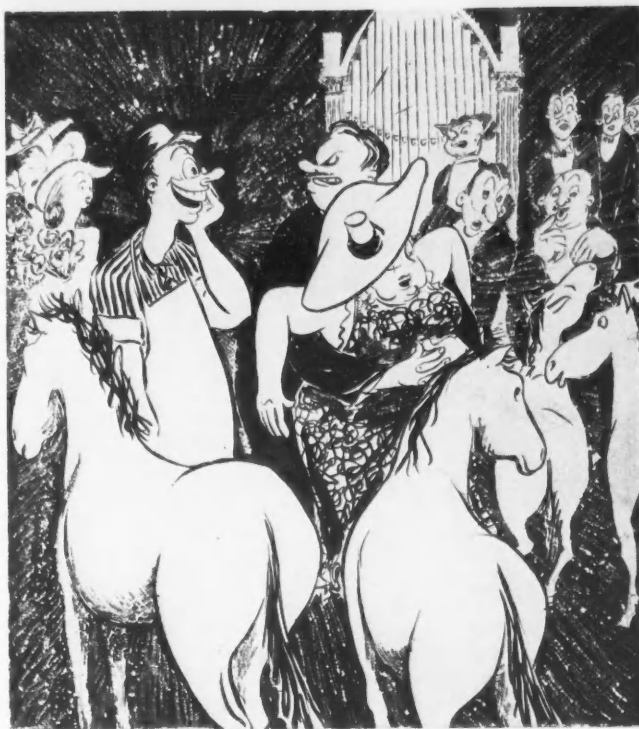
"No letter for me?"

She tried to look at him but her eyes fell. His face took on its dark resignation. He had been disappointed so often that now he scarcely expected anything else. He was satisfied, he was going patiently away, when she called out in a sharp voice,

"Jacob! I make a mistake. It is for you."

She turned away to hide her face but he did not notice. He snatched the letter from my fingers and held it up. His eyes were blazing, his solid face caught into sudden power and beauty. Then he tore open the envelope and I looked away.

We heard him go slowly toward the door and Frau Rosenfeld came back from the window. I looked down. On the floor lay a crumpled sheet. It was the announcement of a summer walking tour. We heard Jacob open the front door on his way to watch for the evening mail.



"NO FOOLING, IS THAT WHAT SHE ORDERED—PEONIES?"

I Speak a Little English Now

BY AMY LOVEGROVE FINKLE

IT ALL began when the Englishwoman from the next bungalow came over to tell me that my gardener was taking the flowers out of her garden for my table. "Your 'malee'," she called him, "is a badmarsh," he throws 'pane' at our 'chhokra' whenever he goes past the gate. Better get rid of him." This somewhat baffling kind of conversation went on for perhaps an hour, after which the lady abruptly left, picking her way out of my garden and into her own.

Later in the day I approached my husband. "What is a 'badmarsh'?" I asked. He replied by remarking that Urdu was easy, and since I had nothing to do all day but watch seven servants, I should easily get the hang of it in three months.

Two weeks later I was having a small tea. I had intended to invite the Englishwoman next door, but a preliminary survey of the flowers in the house precluded any thought of that. They were magnificent, but where the darned things came from I don't know. The tea went along very well until I called our No. 1 and asked, in my new Urdu, for a glass of water ('ghusl ke panee'—was that right?) No. 1 disappeared silently. Twenty minutes followed him, and no water came. "Probably out in his room drinking tea," I thought darkly, and called him in my best soprano voice. He came, as he had gone, suddenly and quietly, and with a grave face he stood in the doorway, empty-handed. I looked at him reproachfully and, unable to think of a single term of abuse in Urdu, broke out with, "Well, where's my 'ghusl ke panee'?" A very slight flicker of surprise went over his face and he said in quietly-astonished English, "Memsahib wanting bath?" I managed to keep my face straight. "Yes," I said, "twenty minutes past wanting bath." I took it, too.

This small incident prepared me for others, some of them humorous, all of them enlightening; none of them, however, can approach that one in which the cook played the leading role. Fernandes-the-cook, as he was inevitably called, was half Portuguese, half Indian, very quick to learn and equally quick in forgetting. Together we spoke a mixture of English and Urdu, and got along very well too. We had decided one day to make a tomato jelly for dinner, and since I knew from experience Fernandes' idea of that dish, I went along to the pantry to supervise the doings. The two of us finished it in no time, and having tasted it, I pronounced it perfect. There now remained the job of putting it in small moulds. "Fernandes doing," the cook announced. "No," I

said, "cook going to kitchen, bringing eight 'chhota dechies' (lit. "small saucepans"). Five long minutes minutes elapsed, and then Fernandes appeared at the pantry door, carrying a jar of apple jelly. "No, no 'chhota dechies,'" with great emphasis on the latter. Another wait, then cook appeared with a tin of beans. Impatient of further delay, I muttered my way into the kitchen, reached up to a shelf and took down a pile of small, dusty, cylindrical-shaped tins.

Back Talk

Sir: Re your contributor T. A. J.'s sorrow occasioned by the lack of prominence given Toronto in the limerick field, as mentioned in your issue of July 22nd. May I, as a dutiful citizen of Toronto, help to brighten his future and remedy a serious situation by submitting the following:—

The children who live in Toronto Can read all the comics they want to; Of the forty-four printed, Their praise goes unstinted To Lone Ranger, Silver and Tonto.

WM. N. WEESE.

Fernandes caught up with me here, in more ways than one, for as I put them on the table he picked them up, turned them over in his hands, and then remarked dolefully, "Some people call these jelly moulds." Cook and I now get along famously—in English.



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